



THE
HISTORY
OF
MISS PAMELA HOWARD.

LETTER XVI.

MISS HOWARD TO MISS COVENTRY.

MY last short melancholy note would inform my dearest Clara, that the dreaded event I had so long expected has taken place; yes, my Father has given me a second—Mother, must I call her? Ah, how unlike the first! Alas! he, I fear, will have as much reason as I to regret this fatal step; hitherto she has condescended to play the hypocrite, and to treat me with some degree of civility,

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though she affects to regard me as a Child, ignorant and uneducated, therefore not qualified to appear in Company, far less as fit to be a Companion for one of her Understanding : As she pleases ; for the last, 'tis a Distinction of which I am not at all ambitious. You will be surpriz'd to find I write so coolly, to find so little of the rapturous, when I have told you my last night's Adventure ; but the momentary Delight it gave me is effectually damp'd, by the consequence I have to expect from it.—Mr Bouvery, my Dear, was here last night ; nothing could equal my astonishment, my fluttering emotions, when I saw him, with his usual Grace, enter our Drawing-room ; I dare say I look'd exceedingly silly ; I felt my colour change, I trembled, and was obliged to support myself on the back of my chair ; the dear Man himself underwent no small agitation ; that agitation, and my foolish flutter, were but too visible ; he, indeed, soon regained a proper share of ease in his manner ; but I never in my life acquitted myself so awkwardly, and this awkwardness continued during his whole Visit ; hardly durst I venture to open my lips ; the watchful eyes of my Step-mother were constantly upon me ; the presence of my Father, too, added to my embarrassment ; I was almost glad when he took his leave—'twas only almost, for in spite of the before-mention'd al-

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loys to my Happinefs, I felt an inexpressible Joy in being so near him, in listening to his engaging Conversation, and in now and then stealing a Look at a Figure and Face so formed as his to please. My Father was visibly out of Humour, and even treated him with some degree of Rudeness; this rendered Mr. Bouvery's condescending and polite Behaviour to him the more engagingly striking. With visible reluctance he at last took his leave; Mrs. Howard gave him a general Invitation to our House; he bow'd; my Father frown'd; I, who observ'd a storm gathering on his contracted brow, which I doubted not would burst on me, betook myself to flight; as Bouvery went out at one door, I whisk'd out at the other, and hurried up to my chamber, where I threw myself into a chair, and endeavour'd to recollect every Look, Word and Motion of my charming Enslaver; how sweet the pleasing retrospect; for ah! how amiable are his every Word and Look.

I had for near half an hour indulg'd this delightful Reverie, when Prue hastily bounc'd into the room; O Mifs! Mifs! cry'd she, what a Plot is forming against you below! I started from my seat; Good Heavens! by whom? (Terror was in my accent.) By your artful Step-mother, return'd she; I listened and heard a good part of their Conversation;

for, added she, tossing her head, your wife Father no longer deems me worthy of his Confidence ; finely does his hopeful Help-mate already exert her Power and Authority ; she now, forsooth, is to be your Governess—As he pleases. Well, then, Pamela, instead of the former Office, which is unjustly taken from me, I offer myself as your Friend ; he may one day repent the affront he has put upon me ; never before was my Prudence called in question. Dry up your tears, Child, we will be too cunning for all their weak devices ; take courage, Bouvery shall be yours ; he deserves you ; charming Man as he is, I am almost in love with him myself ; he knows how to distinguish a Woman of Sense : I am sure he despises your Mother, though she makes most shameful Advances to gain his Favour : I long ago heard it whisper'd that she was in love with him, and this afternoon I was convinced of it—Such amorous Glances ! Indeed, Pamela, you have every thing to fear from a Woman of her Character, especially as she is your Rival. Let us not be too severe in judging from appearances, my dear Prue, interrupted I ; she is my Father's Wife ; I must endeavour to respect her ; their Honours are now connected ; let us then be cautious of wounding her's, since his must also be injur'd by our rash censures ; rather tell me what you have

have heard ; that Plot, at which you hinted, makes me tremble. Why, Child, said she, ere I left them, your Father express'd the highest displeasure at Bouvery's Visit ; on which his saucy Wife wink'd at him, and desired me to quit the room, as she wanted to have some private conversation with Mr. Howard. Once I might have been trusted, but the scene is chang'd. I obey'd, however, her insolent orders, but not without muttering my resentment. I bounc'd the door after me, and went into your Father's Closet, which is only, you know, divided by a thin partition, for I was determin'd if possible, to discover the mighty Secret, in spite of Madam's fine Caution. The first words I heard were, I see it, Mr. Howard ; I am now convinced your suspicions were just. I am glad I have detected the falshood of his Assurances ; his Visit, instead of doing any mischief, has been of advantage, as it has put me more on my guard than I should have been while I doubted of his intentions. 'Tis clear that the Girl is violently in love with his pretty Person, and that he is no less enamour'd of her Fortune. We have, continued she, every thing to fear from a man of his enterprising Genius, and from a silly ignorant Girl, govern'd by a violent Passion. All our Watchfulness will hardly be able to prevent an Elopement ; and how disagreeable will

it render our lives, to be always in terror of this Event ; always on our guard, as Spies upon her Conduct ? I see no effectual remedy to prevent this impendent Match, but to marry her immediately to a man whom you can approve.—But I know none such at present, interrupted Mr. Howard.—Then ensued a Pause.—At last, said she,—I have a Nephew, a very worthy young Man, the only Son of my only Sister ; she is a Widow. The Lad has not seen much of the World ; he is like you, an honest Country Gentleman ; his Estate is about Two Thousand a year, clear of all incumbrances ; if you approve of him for a Son-in-law, I dare say he will have no objections to your Daughter ; I am sure you would like him, for he is quite of your own Turn.—No more did I hear, continued Prue, for at that moment Mr. Howard was call'd out to one of his Tenants.—But you know his Wife too well, Pamela, to doubt of her carrying her point.—'Tis too certain, cry'd I, clasping my hands ; I see, I see my ruin is determined. What, my dear Clara, shall I do ? How shall I avoid, how escape this new, this most dreadful Misfortune, with which I am threaten'd ? Prue's Advice I rejected with horror ; nothing could be more imprudent ; no, 'tis that of my sensible delicate Cousin from which alone I hope for Benefit and Consolation. Quick, quick, my only true Friend,

Miss PAMELA HOWARD. 7

Friend, write, and teach your artless, inexperienced Pamela how she ought to act. Be virtuous, at all events, you say;—Heaven forbid I should ever be otherwise; but teach me also, my sweet Monitress, how (consistent with any share of Happiness) I can obey the severe dictates which Duty to my Father will impose. I cannot, ah! I never can give my Hand to any other but to him who is absolute Master of my Heart; but I can continue single, and that without regret. Adieu; 'tis impossible to describe my painful Sensation. What a charming situation is yours! independent, free to chuse, and free to manifest your own generous Benevolence. Alas! of what use to me are my riches! how much to my disadvantage is the comparison of our different Fates! But I don't envy, though I wish for the same Felicity. Long, long, charming Clara, may yours continue, is the sincere Prayer of your

PAMELA HOWARD.

The HISTORY of
L E T T E R. XVII.

Mr. BOUVERY to Mr. CRAVEN.

SHE is lost, Craven ! My Angel Pamela. Ah ! where have my Enemies convey'd her ? That vile, intriguing Mrs. Howard, how I detest her ! Why did I indulge myself with an interview in her presence ? Could I hope her watchful Jealousy would suffer my Emotions to escape her notice ? To her malice I owe the loss of my Pamela. She is gone, nor by the most diligent enquiry can I discover her route. Prue is dismiss'd ; I saw her last night ; she is return'd to her Brother's. I receiv'd from her the most madd'ning account of this cursed affair. A Match is in agitation between Miss Howard, and her odious Step-mother's Cub of a Nephew. In consequence of this she was last Tuesday, at five o'clock in the morning, without a moment's warning, forced into a post-chaise with Mrs. Howard's Abigail, and whisk'd away the Lord knows where. Not so much as the name of my despicable Rival could Prue inform me of far less the place of his residence. The vile Aunt has been but a few months in this part of the world ; nobody here knows any thing about either her, or her obscure Relations, farther than that she was a Widow, and appeared to be in good circumstance.

stances. After making a thousand fruitless enquiries, I flew to the Castle, and easily gain'd admission to her presence. She received me better than I wish'd. How detestable are her shameless advances ! I could hardly command my Temper so far as to be commonly civil ; but after struggling some time for an appearance of Indifference, I carelessly asked for Miss Howard. She is gone to pass a few months in London with Lady Edgemore, answered she, in the same tone. With Lady Edgemore ? repeated I ; I was told that her Visit is to a Relation of yours, Madam, and not in Town, but in the Country. She coloured a little, and reply'd rather tartly, If you knew where she was gone, why did you trouble me with the Question ? Words of course, returned I ; but why, (added I with disdain,) did you, Madam, think it worth while to invent a falsehood in answer to that Question ? Because, Sir, (in an accent of displeasure,) I know no business you have to be entrusted with any proceedings in regard to Pamela ; 'tis what I give myself no manner of concern about ; Mr. Howard has a right to dispose of his Daughter as he thinks proper. True, Madam, but I dare say he would not dispose of her to your Nephew without your consent—But he will without yours, interrupted she, sharply. You are, it must be own'd, exceedingly entertaining

this morning, and very polite. Her colour was greatly heighten'd, she fann'd herself with violence. I did not think, Madam, talking of your Relations could be disagreeable; your Nephew is a particular Acquaintance of mine. She cast a malicious glance at me, which plainly said, that is a most confounded lye; but I went on with great composure.—He is, I think, as promising a Youth as I ever met with; nothing but a little polish is wanting to render him a most accomplish'd Gentleman; I wonder he never went on his Travels, as he can so well afford to make the Grand Tour. She look'd at me again, and her eyes express'd, **What assurance has the Man!** Pray, Sir, where did you become acquainted with my Nephew? The cunning Jade was not to be put off her Guard: I wanted to draw her into the mention of his Name—At Newmarket Races, Madam return'd I. Newmarket, Sir? Pardon me, you must mistake the person; **Mr.**—(she stopp'd short)—my Nephew, added she, recollecting herself, was never, to my certain knowledge, Twenty Miles from the Smoak of his own Chimney.—And Newmarket, Madam, is not near so much as twenty Miles from his Habitation. It won't do, Sir, cry'd she, with a malicious smile, I see what you are driving at; and I also see, that you know no more of my Nephew than the Man in
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the Moon ; nor ever shall for me, added the provoking Jade. As you please, Madam, cry'd I, passionately snatching up my hat ; that Information which you refuse, I may, in spite of the low Obscurity of your Family, gain from others. Low Obscurity ! repeated she in a rage ; insolent, ungrateful Bouvery ! But you may, ere long, have reason to repent this rude treatment ; you have scornfully rejected my Friendship ; you have proved yourself unworthy of it ; from this moment I am your Enemy. I vouchsafed no other Answer but a Look of infinite Disdain, and hurried out of the house. As I made my exit, I heard her exclaim, Pamela, your little insignificant Rustick, shall suffer for this.

Such, Craven, is the present situation of my Affairs. I am half distracted ; for I feel that I love the dear Girl a thousand times better than I imagined. Have her I must ; on any terms would I now be content to take her. All my wise projects vanish into air ; to make her mine is all I wish on earth : Never for Beauty and unaffected Modesty shall I meet her Equal. Adieu, I must renew my search.

Yours, &c.

HENRY BOUVERY.

LETTER

L E T T E R XV.

Mr. CRAVEN to Mr. BOUVERY.

MAKE your self easy, Bouvery ; your stray'd Sheep is found. Why, what a whining Puppy has this same Love made of thee ! But I shall not now venture to speak as I used to do of the little blind Deity, because I begin to fear he has humbled my Pride. Do you know a Miss Coventry ? She is, without exception, the finest Girl in England.

I received a pressing invitation some time ago to spend a few weeks at Henley Grove, the seat of that wiseacre Lord Henley, whose Wife, you must remember, as he exhibited her in all public places, having indeed married her for no other purpose but to make a show of her ; she is the prettiest bit of Still-life you ever beheld ; handsome even to a fault, for the exact Regularity of her Features renders them insipid ; however, as I am fond of fine Pictures, I often visited her as such ; safely might I indulge myself in this, without the least danger of coveting my Neighbour's Wife, since the only Sentiment she is formed to inspire is cool Admiration. The Town, at this time of the year is horrid. For want of better amusement I last Friday took a trip to the Grove, and arrived here about eight o'clock in the evening ;
I begin

I began to yawn as I stepped out of my Chaise, half repenting my journey. I shall soon be weary of looking at the Wife, said I, still sooner weary of listening to the prating Fop her Husband; one comfort is, he is seldom without Company. This was my Soliloquy, as I marched through the Hall. Just as I reached the Drawing-room door, an elegant Female whisked by me with a guittar in her hand; she flew up stairs; I had only a slight glimpse of her Face, but the sight of a charming little Foot, adorned with a little white Sattin Slipper, almost did my Business: I stumbled into the room, my head turned back, so that I well nigh overset the bustling Lordling, who was hurrying to welcome me, having seen my Equipage from the window; he took my arm, Come along, dear Craven, your arrival has added new Charms to my Wife's Complexion; she is quite delighted at the thoughts of seeing you; you are such a giddy Fellow, that I feared you would forget the promise you made us. Thus prated he, while I bow'd to the Ladies, for there was a pretty large circle. I was accustomed to the Beauty of Lady Henley, therefore only slightly glanc'd my eyes towards her; in an instant they were call'd off by the most lovely Creature that eyes ever beheld. This will do, thought I; strange, if among so many fine Women my time should hang heavy on my

my hands. I gaz'd so intently on the sweet Creature that Lord Henley observ'd it : A pretty Girl, whisper'd he ; but I hope you don't think she equals my Wife. Who is she? re-whisper'd I, eagerly. Pamela Howard, return'd he ; did you never hear of her ? She is a celebrated Toast ; a rich Heiress, too, added he ; but take care of your Heart, for she is engag'd ; you will soon see her intended Husband ; he has but just left us ; gone to view my Stud, and Fox-hounds. While he spoke, into the room tripp'd my little white Slipper. I wheel'd about. Such a Girl, Harry ! Youth, Health, Grace, and Animation !—Well, my sprightly Romp, said Lord Henley, quitting my arm and seizing both her hands, is it not as I said ? I'll lay my life I have won the Wager. Not you, indeed, cry'd she ; look, Cousin, running to your Pamela, is there any comparison ? (and she shewed her two Miniature Pictures.) He has, we will allow, added she, sweetly smiling on Lady Henley, proved his Taste in Beauty ; to Nature's Work he has done Justice ; but as to Painting, never more pretend to any Judgment in that, my Lord ; it will require another Tour to Italy, ere you can make the least pretensions to *Vertu* : See the elegant Touches of this ; your's is a mere Daub. Come, come, I yield, I yield, cry'd he ; let me introduce you to my Friend. Mr.

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Craven, that is my Cousin, Miss Coventry. I bow'd low. She drew up her pretty dimpled mouth into a graver air, stepp'd one foot back, and made one of the most graceful Court'sies I ever beheld. The quick Change of her Countenance from gay to serious is enchanting. Keep your Pamela; Clara's the Girl for my money: And yet I will allow the former to be the handsomest of the two; nor does she want for spirit; but her Cousin! Never was there such a fascinating Gipsy! She has talk'd and smil'd, and sung, and play'd, till I have almost lost my Reason.

Dear Craven, you cry, a truce with your Affairs: For Heaven's sake let me know how look'd my Pamela. She does not want for Spirit, you say. Ah! is she then reconciled to her Fate? How does she treat my Rival? &c. &c. For it would fill a quire to give only hints of all the questions I know you would ask me on the occasion. Those I have stated for you I will briefly answer.

In the first place, as to her looks; why really Friend, though I cannot say she is quite so blooming as a Milk-maid, yet I do not think that hopeless Love and pining Care have much impair'd her rosy Hue; she has a most alluring Complexion, it must be own'd; to comfort you, however, I did perceive something of the plaintive in the air of her Countenance;

nance ; once or twice, too, I recollect she heaved a gentle Sigh, and I was tempted to place them to the account of her absent Lover, rather than the present, since they must indeed be fond of fighting, who would fight for him, jolly Mortal as he is, quite an unlick'd Cub, with hardly common sense, and as obstinate as a Mule. I never but once deign'd to converse with him, and instantly he entangled me in a Dispute ; I think it was upon Politicks, a subject very ill suited to my Taste, but so warmly did he enter into the Spirit of it, that I absolutely thought he would have boxed me, when he found himself at a loss for Arguments to defend his Cause ; I kept it up on purpose to provoke him ; most effectually did I succeed in that ; he was very noisy and very rude ; his Lady Mother sat on Thorns ; your Pamela regarded him with a kind of Terror ; a pretty gentle tractable sort of Being, to be sure, for a Husband ; and then his manner of paying his court to her would make you die with laughing. Make yourself easy, Harry, this I may safely venture to assure you will never be a Match. Clara, with whom I am become so intimate as to talk over your affairs, bids me tell you to be comforted ; her Cousin is not such a Fool as to be made the property of an artful Step-mother, who wants to enrich her worthless family. Set off, then, immediately for

for Lord Henley's ; I have prepared him for your reception ; the 'Squire lives in the Neighbourhood not above three Miles from hence ; you must not, however, expect to see them here ; only once in a twelvemonth is his Lordship honour'd with their company. 'This year's Visit ended this morning. I had the pleasure leading your pretty Pamela to the Carriage ; as a recompence for my civility, I took the liberty to press her soft white Hand ; I was really sorry to see her depart ; she look'd like a little Angel ; her Dress so elegantly fancy'd ; I am, you know, a Connoisseur in these matters ; I admire your light Drapery ; her's was a slight pale pink Taffety ; beautifully painted by her fair self ; white Slippers, pink Bows, snow white Petticoats, white Cloak, and white Chip Hat ; sweet Creature, I could have kiss'd her ; all the rest of the Family did, but I am a bashful Fellow ; yet I believe I should have followed their example, had not Clara, just as I was stepping forward, chanced to turn her brilliant Eyes full upon me, and struck me motionless Ah ! not for a moment will she suffer my Heart to rove ; I could not, for the two days in which your Charmer grac'd the Hall with her presence, find a favourable opportunity to talk to her about my friend Harry Bouvery ; that watchful Argus, Mrs Appleby, just

just such another cunning Dame as you describe her Sister to be, followed her continually ; nor, when absent from the Stable or Dog-kennel, was the 'Squire ever from her side; no matter, come and speak for yourself ; we will introduce you to the Family under a feign'd Name.

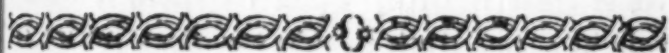
This last Scheme won't take ; if you'll have patience I'll tell you the reason ; I am, you must know, at this moment seated in Lord Henley's Library ; the Ladies had strolled into the Park, I deny'd myself the pleasure of attending them in order to scribble to you ; just as I had wrote we will introduce you, &c. in, for Sterne's Sentimental Journey, tripp'd my lovely Clara ; on seeing me, she started back ; but I, as quick in my motions, seized her Hand ; a little spirited struggle ensued ; but on my telling her what I had advised you to, she took her seat, and bad me read what I had wrote on the subject, adding, with a smile, Women are the best Plotters. I obey'd her orders ; a very wise scheme, to be sure, cry'd she, that of introducing him to the Family ; no doubt Mr. Howard will be rejoiced to see him there ; prythee let the Man stay where he is ; tenderly as I love my Cousin, I yet should be very sorry to be any way accessary to her being tempted to swerve from her Duty ; I dare say she will never marry the Man she
hates,

hates, but I hope she will also be too prudent to marry the Man she loves without the consent of her Father. Let your Friend know that he is now at Appleby-Park ; if he has any regard for Pamela, he will wait with patience till affairs take a more favourable turn, and not come here to involve her in new troubles ; for should Mr. Howard be informed of his arrival, it will only induce him the more rapidly to hurry on the Match.

So spoke my Oracle ; now Bouvery I leave you to follow your own Devices, for no Advice will I give contrary to her Approbation. Adieu ; I promised to read to the Ladies ; they wait for me.

Yours, in haste,

GEORGE CRAVEN.



L E T T E R XIX.

Miss COVENTRY to Miss HOWARD.

DON'T put yourself in a flutter, Child. — Last night arriv'd at Henly Grove, the Honourable Henry Bouvery ; as true as you're alive ; nay, I see him, at this moment, arm in arm, with his Friend, the accomplish'd George Craven Esquire ;—there they walk

walk just under my Windows ; I'll lay my life you and I are the subject of their discourse, perhaps disputing which is the handsomest. Vain Clara, ! you cry, will that admit a dispute ? There's no answering for Taste, Child. Craven swears I'm an Angel, and really the Man takes so much pains to persuade me of it, that I cannot find in my heart to disbelieve him. This, you'll say, is strange ; but how will your wonder be increas'd, when I tell you that he is, I think, upon the whole, a more agreeable Fellow than your Swain. I have been examining them as they stroll'd along; Harry has the advantage in height, but then I think the other is rather more genteel ; Harry has fine black Eyes, but George's have more expression in them; the colours of their Hair are both fine; but as mine is dark, I prefer Craven's, which is light ; the truth is, Craven does justice to my Charms, while Bouvery regards them with the utmost indifference ; even Lady Henly's exquisite Beauty excited in him no visible emotion ; *entre nous*, she did not seem quite so insensible of his Attractions, on his introduction ; I then for the first time observ'd some degree of animation in her countenance ; she even told me, when we retir'd for the night, that she had never beheld so handsome a Man as Captain Bouvery. Don't be alarm'd, she will prove a harmless Rival ; Nature form'd

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her only to excite Admiration, but a wonderful reform must take place ere she will be able to excite a warmer Passion. If you wish to know the difference between Emotion and Passion, read Lord Kaim's Elements, &c. I have read the first Volume with avidity, and am almost as wise as when I began; 'tis most delightfully puzzling. I have taken it into my head, within these two days, to set up for Learning; I dipp'd into Locke yesterday, skimm'd over his Chapter on Innate Ideas, came down to Breakfast, enter'd into Argument with Craven, beat him all to nothing by a fluency of Expression, left him bewilder'd, full of wonderment at my profound Erudition, and convinc'd that I know a great deal, though I only throw out slight Hints; —too volatile to settle long on one subject; the Wiseacre! — But, Pamela, I want to give you a little sober Advice about this same Bouvery; I was against his coming here; I fear, my dear Girl, he will draw you into some imprudent Scrape; be upon your guard, therefore, for however unjust our Parents may be, I never yet knew a Girl deviate from her Duty, without being severely punished. You have, then, only two things carefully to avoid; the first is, a Marriage which you have reason to detest; the other is, the Temptations that will be thrown in your way by Bouvery; reject, with becoming Fortitude and Repentment, all overtures to

to a clandestine Correspondence and to all private Meetings; keep a proper Dignity and maidenly Reserve. Some Sentiments escap'd him last night, which convince me that he has not a very favourable opinion of our Sex; I am persuaded he would be the first to despise you, were you, on any occasion, to give him undue advantages. Beware, then; 'tis an ungenerous, intriguing Sex. I know not what measures he intends to pursue, but I know that he will attempt to see you; that he will watch all your motions. Should you meet by accident, resolutely tell him, that, till he gains the consent of your Father, he must not hope for the slightest Encouragement. Listen to me, my sweet Cousin, and order your little murmuring Heart to be silent. A true sisterly Regard prompts me to assume the character of a matronly monitor; I know no province less suited to my taste. Pardon, in consideration of my motive, these disagreeable Lectures. I absolutely think that I am more interested in your affairs, than in those which concern myself. 'Tis indeed common enough in us Females to be maddlers, and Busy-bodies; but I believe you know me better, than to suspect that I am actuated merely by that Feminine Spirit of Impertinence; the truth is, that I am humble enough to regard myself only as a common Character, not born for any uncommon incidents

cidents; but I have taken it into my head, that Pamela Howard, if not beguiled into Error by her Ignorance of the World, will make a most shining Figure in Life. 'Tis certain that you have every Requisite for this; Beauty, Modesty, Innocence, and Good-Sense; I have a Presentiment that you will, in consequence of having such Talents bestowed on you, be put to severe Trials. I think, too, that you will acquit yourself in a manner that will do honour to our Sex. Be conscious of your worth, then, my dear Girl; set the present Race of degenerate Females a bright Example; let Virtue triumph, and put to silence the ignorance of foolish Men, who have now-a-days but too much reason to doubt its existence. Fare thee well. All Happiness attend my lovely Friend. Forget not the Instructions I have given you in regard to our future Correspondence. You have a set of mercenary Wretches to deal with; a cunning Step-dame, and an obstinate Father, whom only she can govern; as to the Jolly 'Squire, he is merely their Instrument of mischief, yet, though incapable of Love, as he loves Money he may be as perversely persevering in his Suit, as if you had really made an Impression on his stupid Heart; but I think he has not half a grain of Sense in his whole composition, we shall, between us be able to manage him. Your behaviour to the Animal

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is quite what I could wish ; continue it. To make him out of conceit with himself, would, I trow, be no easy task, but I think it cannot be long ere he is heartily out of conceit with you. But then your Fortune !—Aye, there's the rub ; how shall we put him out of conceit with that ? Never mind ; 'tis in Novels only that we hear of forc'd marriages, but in real Life one may set such arbitrary romantic schemes at defiance ; you may indeed be teaz'd, tormented, perhaps lock'd up, but they cannot oblige you to pronounce the irrevocable Yes, without your own consent ; say No, No, No, to the end of the Chapter ; he obstinate, and they will at length be weary'd out. Your only study, at present, must be to get rid of the Man you hate ; as to the Man you love, have patience ; something must be left to Chance ; your Acquaintance is of a short date ; time is wanting to discover whether or not he is worthy of your regard. 'Tis well for you that you have an opportunity of putting him to the proof ; if he attempts to mislead you, if on any pretence he endeavours to make you act inconsistent with that delicate Decorum which Custom imposes, fly him, reject him as your worst Enemy, for in that case his views are manifestly dishonourable. I am convinced that the Woman who hopes to be Bouvery's Wife, must not have one single flaw either in
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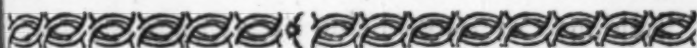
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her Conduct, or Reputation.—What a tedious length of Scrawl! forgive me, and be assured of my most tender friendship.

Yours,

CLARA COVENTRY.



L F T T E R XX.

Mr. BOUVERY to Mr. CRAVEN.

HERE I am, George, lodged at a snug Farm-house, not above a hundred yards off Appleby's; from my Windows I have a view of the Park and Gardens; I am even near enough distinctly to see my lovely Pamela, when she takes her walks; twice since my arrival (not unattended, however,) has she wandered through the leafy shades: O! had she been alone! but one or other of the stupid Family are constantly at her elbow: I must lye perdue till Wilford joins me: he is my firm Friend, and still on good terms with Howard, though his Rib has taken no small pains to set them at variance; unwilling that any one should share with her in the Government; but the 'Squire, though sufficiently hen-peck'd, has yet had courage to insist on being permitted to see some of his former companions; Wilford, in particular, I expect him here to-night; his offer'd visit to the

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Park was the more readily accepted, as he tells me, in his answer to my last Letter, because they wish to have a Clergyman at hand, that they may, in case their threats and ill-treatment should produce the wish'd effect on Pamela, take her in the mind ; they do not despair of her yielding e'er long, being determin'd to break her Spirit, and to persecute her into Compliance, rendering her Life, till she does, a burthen to her. The horrid Wretches ! but I will deliver her from their power, or die in the attempt her Conduct, however, must determine her Fate. She is in a critical situation ; no ungenerous Arts will I practice, nor take any undue Advantages. Beset as she is on every side, if she acts with propriety, then will I regard her as an Angel, as the greatest Blessing Heaven can bestow ; then will I, with transport, make her lawfully mine ; but if she too readily comes into my Schemes ; if, till driven to the last extremity, she consents to quit her Father's protection, and throws herself into mine, I tremble for her safety ; much, very much, will such a Step diminish my Esteem.

How are your pair of Divinities ? Clara is a charming Girl ; witty without Ill-nature, and as sensible as witty, with exactly that share of Coquetry, which adds a poignancy to her attractions, she is equally agreeable, gay or serious : A mere giddy Flirt, who trifles from

mornin

morning to night, with whatever Grace ſhe may trifle, ſoon becomes inſipid. Clara Coventry is far ſuperior to the common run of Females ; I wiſh you ſucceſs in your Suit, for I really believe ſhe will make as valuable a Wife as ſhe is a pleaſing Miſtreſs ; happy for you, who are an indolent Fellow, you have very few obſtacles to ſurmount ; no Fathers ! no Guardians ! touch but the Fair One's Heart, and ſhe's your own.

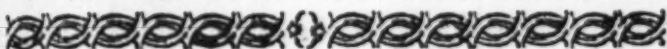
Is Lady Henley recovered from her ſlight Indispoſition ? That intolerable Coxcomb, her Husband, will abſolutely kill the poor thing by his ridiculous care to preſerve her Beauty. She is, though in the country, half ſtifled for want of Air ; not once, while I ſtay'd, was ſhe ſuffer'd to ſtir out, for fear the Sun or Wind ſhould injure her Complexion ; then ſhe is almoſt ſtarved by the Regimen to which he obliges her to conform ; honeſt Sancho Pancha, when Governor, was not more tantalized than ſhe is at Table ; 'tis a lovely bit of Still Life ; well for her Help-mate that ſhe has not more ſpirit ; he deſerves to be puniſhed for his folly, but beautiful as ſhe is, her manner is too cold and inanimate to create the leaſt deſire ; all that the fineſt Features on earth can, without Sentiment, excite, is mere Admiration. Our little agreeable Friend, Mrs. Fitzgerald, when talking to her on this ſubject the laſt time we

met, exclaim'd with her usual vivacity, 'Tell not me of your fine complexions, your bright eyes, and white teeth ! she, whose person excites the most desire, is to all intents and purposes the most beautiful ; the feelings of the heart are not to be confined to set rules ; I am an instance of this truth ; what girl was more admired than I, e'er I put on the sober fetters of matrimony ? yet dissect my face, examine my features separately, and every one of them will be found defective ; but the *toute ensemble* is ; What say you Fitz ? turning gayly to her husband, is it not irresistible ? 'This is exactly the case with those of your Clara. Pamela, however, with the most perfect symmetry, has at the same time that nameless something, which renders her so infinitely superior to Lady Henley ; though in neither of their faces can the nicest eye discover the slightest blemish ; but 'tis that air divine, the sensible mind beaming through the brightest eyes in nature, and giving life, fire, and animation to the whole, which makes my Pamela so much more attractive.—A most edifying dissertation this ; I was, you must know, determined to scribble 'till the arrival of Wilford. Rejoice, here he is ! now to action ! adieu. Mum, as to the place of my retreat : I fear that little sly Clara of thine ; betray me at thy peril ; two

heads

heads to one is not fair ; I am much mistaken if that of her friend alone is not a sufficient match for mine. Adieu.

Yours as usual,
HENRY BOUVERY.



L E T T E R XXI.

Miss HOWARD to Miss COVENTRY.

THINK not that I am regardless of your sensible advice ; chide me not, dear Clara ; indeed it was a mere accident, at least on my part. I have seen him, the too charming Bouvery : Oh ! how he look'd and talk'd ! —By following your instructions, I have pretty well succeeded, in making the 'Squire keep his distance ; but what does that avail, since Mrs. Howard governs my father with despotic sway ; she it is who makes him so eager for a marriage ; which, as I am well informed, is in no respect, even in point of fortune, advantageous for me ; they think me now so absolutely in their power, that they have actually fixed the day ; Mr. Wilford is to perform the ceremony ; he is come ; but came at first with views far different from what they wish ; my father yesterday, in consequence of their having settled the plan of operation, ordered me to attend him in the garden ; there he at first

mildly inform'd me of his intentions. I humbly remonstrated; he endeavoured to sooth me into compliance, and, longer than I expected, bore with what he at last called my perverseness; I threw myself at his feet; Dear Sir, cry'd I, in a resolute voice, 'tis as much my inclination as my duty to obey you, in all reasonable commands; but where the whole happiness of my future life is at stake, I must avail myself of that lawful liberty, which neither Heaven nor Earth can condemn. I must humbly presume to tell you, that I will never marry the worthless wretch, to whom, instigated by my enemies, contrary to your better judgment, you would sacrifice your child; that child, whom you once honour'd with your affections. With what fond, what partial eyes were you wont to regard your Pamela! Ah, how enviable was then my situation! What, added I, weeping, has your poor girl done to forfeit your love? A thousand things, interrupted he, sternly. Have you not, contrary to my approbation, bestowed your perverse heart on a libertine? A fellow, who wants to enrich himself with your wealth, who cares not a fig for thy person; a rake, a spendthrift, who would reduce both himself and you to Beggary. Dear Sir, cry'd I, I know not who you mean. Heaven preserve me from a wretch such as you describe. None of your affected ignorance,

girl,

Girl, said he ; your fine Bouvery.—Mr. Bouvery, Sir, interrupted I, with some spirit, is a man of family and fortune ; he is also, I am well assured, a man of honour.—And a man you love, interrupted he, in his turn. Silly girl ! the very best of you are fools in these affairs. Not a single Female can resist a Red Coat. You would please your eye though you plagu'd your heart. But I shall take care to prevent your throwing yourself away ; your mother and I have pitched on a husband for you ; refuse him at your peril. This is the last time you will be talk'd to on the subject in so mild a style. If you are determined to be perverse, 'tis also the last day you will be suffered to enjoy the least share of liberty. You will be lock'd up and fed on bread on water, 'till we restore you to your sober senses.

While he spoke, Mr. Wilford joined us. Your horses are ready, said he ; Bennet's foxhounds are out ; the morning is fine ; you are rather late, 'Squire ; make haste, or you will lose all the pleasure of the chace. I have also order'd Miss Howard's pad to be saddled ; the exercise will be of service to her. Besides, with your leave, I want to have a little private conversation.—Do, do, cry'd my father, eagerly interrupting him ; talk to the obstinate Girl ; try what you can do ; she's the plague of my life : Try to persuade her ; I have only

happinefs in view, but ſhe won't believe me. So ſaying, he hurried away to enjoy his favourite amuſement.

At Mr. Wilford's requeſt I followed, and mounted my horſe. The morning was delightful. We ſoon loſt ſight of my father. Let us ſtrike into that agreeable and ſhady path, ſaid my companion, the Sun is beginning to be troubleſome. We had rode but a few paces, during which he chatted to me on indifferent ſubjects, when ſuddenly, from behind a clump of trees, out ſprung the too dear Bouvery. He expreſs'd his pleaſure at ſo unexpected, ſo pleaſing a rencounter. Very unexpected, to be ſure, on his part. I followed your advice, my lovely couſin, and was very diſcreet, manifeſting in my behaviour no viſible emotion, only treating him with cool politeneſs. Mr. Wilford deſignedly lagg'd behind, but no undue advantage did I ſuffer the other to reap from our *tete a tete*. He exerted all his eloquence to paint the ſituation of his enamour'd heart; condol'd with me on the tyranny of my perſecutors; aſk'd me what I propos'd to do. —Neither to marry againſt my father's inclinations, nor againſt my own, return'd I. —There is, alas! but little probability that ever thoſe oppoſite inclinations will be reconciled, Miſs Howard. —Then I will live ſingle, Sir. —Even that will be deny'd you. —They cannot
force

force me, Mr. Bouvery.—And can you, then, with so much cool, mortifying indifference, give up to despair the man who adores you? —If my father was not blinded by an unhappy prejudice, Sir; if he saw with my eyes; if he could see you in the light you justly merit, your addresses would be received by his daughter in the manner they deserve. I am neither insensible of the honour you confer on me by your partiality, nor ungrateful for the favour; but I am not my own mistress; O! then, Sir, exert not your too-persuasive eloquence; tempt me not to swerve from my duty; let me at least deserve your esteem, your friendship; 'tis the only sentiment I must encourage; insurmountable bars are placed between us. I know my father's temper; nothing can ever prevail on him to change his purpose when once firmly fix'd.—Then his purpose, Miss Howard, is to marry you to my worthless rival: And will you consent to that?—No, Sir, never; duty extends not so far; nothing shall force me to make such a sacrifice of my happiness.—How will you help yourself, cry'd Mr. Wilford, who at that moment join'd us? You are absolutely in his power, or, rather, in the power of a mercenary step-mother, who will stop at nothing to accomplish her schemes. Mr. Bouvery is my friend; I know his worth. —And would you, Sir, interrupted I scornfully, persuade

persuade me to act contrary to my duty? I can pardon Mr. Bouvery; but what can I think of your conduct? My father believes you his friend; you affect to espouse his cause. Pardon me, Sir; but whatever advantage I may reap by your double dealing, I must presume to censure it; nay, I shall be extremely cautious of trusting a man, who has proved himself so great an adept in dissimulation.— If I deceiv'd Mr. Howard, cry'd he, colouring with indignation, my motives were laudable; I deceiv'd him for his good, as well as your's, Madam; I wish'd to save him from an action on which he is obstinately bent, and of which I knew he would too late repent. His temper is unpersuadable; to have reason'd with him would have been labour lost. I pursu'd a different measure. But now I have done; let things take their course. I do not deceive you when I tell you, that I shall, for the future, act as he directs. You have ungratefully slighted my friendship, take the consequence.—So saying, with an air of resentment, he turn'd his horse to leave us.—Stay, stay, cry'd Mr. Bouvery, following him; I at least have given you no cause of offence; I set a just value on your friendship.—Sir, return'd he, on any other occasion I shall be proud to serve you, but in this you must excuse me; once more I repeat it, I have done.—He added no more, but clapping

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ping spurs to his horse, rode off, leaving me with my lover. I began to be alarm'd, and prepar'd myself for flight, but he seiz'd my horse's bridle.—Leave me not, dearest Pamela; hear me; 'tis, alas! perhaps the last opportunity I shall be favour'd with; let me not lose it; you are going again to put yourself in to the power of your enemies; Wilford is now added to the number. One may easily foresee the consequence; Fortune has now put it in your power to escape from their tyranny; be mine; condemn not a proposal, which the situation of your affairs urges me to make; save yourself from a justly detested union, and bless with your hand the man, whose sole study it will be to deserve the inestimable gift. Before I had time to express my displeasure at so imprudent a request, the revengeful Wilford, and my incensed father, guided by him, appeared in view. I was so terrified, so agitated, that I could hardly keep my seat. Expect not the particulars of what ensued. I was more dead than alive, while my father, by turns, reproached me, and loaded my amiable lover with indecent abuse. For my sake, he generously condescended to put up with it. In the end, I was like a prisoner, conducted to the Park, between my enraged father, and his now firmly, and delivered over to my step-mother, who made much clamour, and declared, that
she

she had long known we carried on a private correspondence : She had also been informed of his abandoned conduct since his arrival in this part of the country ; not a girl in the neighbourhood but what he had attempted to seduce ; but I suppose, added she, Miss Howard thinks him the finer Gentleman for being a Rake. She may think what she pleases, interrupted my father, but I here solemnly swear, that nothing shall ever prevail on me to be allied to such a wretch ; and may a father's curse light on her, if ever she bestows herself upon him, or for the future gives him the least encouragement. I shall use every precaution to prevent it. Go, lock her into her apartment, from which she shall never be released till she consents to the match we propose. I was glad to escape from my tormentors, so made no resistance, but quietly suffered myself to be imprisoned. They have just now sent for my cabinet, paper, pens, and ink ; your letters, however, my beloved Clara, and a sufficient quantity of the latter materials, are effectually out of their reach. With great composure, therefore, I let them search as long as they thought proper ; nothing of consequence could they meet with. Mrs. Howard, who was the most busy at this mean employment, shook her wise head on examining my papers ; I see, Miss, you are too cunning for us all. You will
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be more watchfully guarded for the future, take my word for it. O, your little Spirit must come down ere long ; it can't be help'd, Child, Fate has determin'd that you shall be my Niece. You will be vastly happy. Good-nature is, let me tell you, the most requisite Qualification in a Husband ; my Nephew has given you a thousand proofs of his ; not addi-cted to Jealousy . a charming thing that : you may hereafter find it extremely commodious. I scorn'd to answer. Adieu, my only Friend ; be cautious ; for some time I must not hope to hear from you, but I shall continue to write ; it will serve to amuse me during my dreary Imprisonment, though this is perhaps the last Letter I shall, till things take a more favourable turn, be able to transmit to you.

Believe me unalterably your's,

PAMELA HOWARD.



L E T T E R XXII.

Mr. CRAVEN to Mr. BOUVERY.

SO you tamely suffer'd them to rob you of your Prize. Two to one indeed were odds ; but it was two to two ; for the Lady. I make no doubt, was on your side, and one of your Foes wears Petticoats as well as she, so the Match was pretty equal ; but, as you say, his Gown was his Protection, and
Howard's

Howard's Fathership his. Well, there's no help for it ; you did what you could. Tongues were the Weapons, and your's, I am sure, would stand little chance against a Fellow who has a licence to prate, even, though you had a Female for your Ally. Take my Advice, Harry, give up the Chace. I am astonished at your Patience. The Girl prudish, the Father an ill-bred Rustick ; for my part, I should find but few Charms in such an Amour ; that in which I am engag'd is quite to my Taste. Clara has a competent Share of Vanity in her Temper ; a competent Portion of Caprice ; no more, however, than what sits gracefully on her ; a too complying Mistress disgusts ; a few Airs of Dignity are becoming during the Day of their Power ; 'tis time enough to be humble when they become Wives, and yield, as they ought, the Reins of Government to their Lords and Masters. Without a few petty quarrels Courtship would become insipid ; but those are the only kind of Rubs I desire to meet with : None of your hairbreadth Scapes from surly Fathers and mercenary Guardians for my Money : Thank Heaven, Clara has none of those to contend with. I shall, when I go to Town, treat the old Lady, her Grand-mother, with a sight of my Rent-roll, set half a hundred Lawyers to work, and then, as fast

as

as possible, whip on my Matrimonial Fetters. I expect to be as happy as this State of imperfection will admit. I do not, even now, regard my Mistress as an Angel. I know her to be a frail erring Mortal, like myself. Love has not deprived me of my reason. She is a Woman, but the sweetest, most engaging Woman I ever met with, and I verily believe she will make a most amiable Wife. The dear Girl is at present very low-spirited, on account of her fair Cousin : The Rusticks have put a stop to their Correspondence ; 'tis now a fortnight since she last heard from her. I do not betray the confidence you repose in me ; I need not, for that last Letter gave her a full and particular Detail of your late Adventure. Clara is much displeased at your manner of proceeding. On your account, she says, her Pamela is persecuted ; 'tis you who compel them to precipitate the horrid Match. She would write to you, she says ; she would implore you to desist from your fruitless pursuit, but that she knows the obstinacy of our sex. I would save her the trouble ; I would intreat you in her stead ; but in this affair, at least, it must be owned you are obstinate. Things go on, you say, just as you could wish ; they will drive her to extremity.—And will you be so ungenerous as to take advantage of that extremity ? Remember, I hope, in a few weeks, to be related

lated to her ; I shall then think myself in duty bound—But this hint is needless. I am sure you are a worthy fellow, and will act honourably. I wish with all my soul, she was your's ; we would then shew the World, that Men of Spirit, Men of Taste, and Men of Fashion, are not ashamed to make good Husbands.

Our little Society is agreeably increased, by the arrival of an exceeding fine Girl, Companion to my Charmer. I adore the dear Creature for her amiable Behaviour to her lovely Dependant. Kitty Parker is indeed uncommonly lovely, soft and feminine. Had my Heart been free, she would, I can tell you, have stood no small chance of enslaving it ; at present I dare hardly trust myself in the pleasure of even looking at her ; for 'tis certain, the wicked Heart of Man is prone to change : Women are certainly more constant in their Nature. Judging by herself, Clara does not think my ceasing to love her amongst the Chapter of Possibility. I hope it is not. She need not, however, be so very eager to point out to me Perfections of her Friend ; and yet I doat on her the more, for being so totally free from that Vice so common in the Sex, Envy. Last night she made Kitty sing, and she sings in a stile—I do not wish to hear her again. Clara plays

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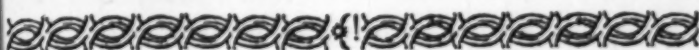


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plays charmingly, but she has not so good a voice. Adieu, the sweet Girls, arm in arm, beckon me to attend them. I fly.

Your's, sincerely,

GEORGE CRAVEN.



L E T T E R XXIII.

Miss HOWARD to Miss COVENTRY.

NOW, Oh! my dear Clara, what will become of me? Heavens! what have I done? warn'd of the Danger, sensible of the the Imprudence of such a Step; determined too, as I was, never to be guilty of it; what can I say for myself? Hear the Cause, dear and respected Friend, then judge if I could avoid it; nothing but Necessity, nothing but the last Extremity, could have driven me to this. I have elop'd, yes, I have fled from the protection of my Father; or, rather, from his Tyranny. Whither shall I next bend my wandering trembling steps? Will you, will you, Clara, deign to receive the wretched Fugitive? I propose, at the dawn of day, to quit my present Refuge, in order to proceed to London; I will throw myself at the Feet of Lady Edgemoore; follow me, I conjure you, and aid my suit; I dare not trust myself among Strangers, unacquainted with the Ways of the Town.—

On

On second thoughts, I believe I had better continue in this obscure Cottage, where it is very improbable they should search for me, till I receive an Answer from you ; never, never, did I stand so much in need of your Friendship and Advice ; an honest Country Lad, Son to my kind Hostess, will be the Bearer of this ; I cannot think of going to bed ; therefore, shall, as briefly as possible, relate to you my yesterday's horrid Adventure ; it will be some hours ere my Messenger sets off ; ah ! how I long for day ; how I shall long for your Answer ; never did I feel myself so helpless ; my Head is so disordered, I am incapable of determining on any thing ; but let me endeavour to tell you the fatal cause of all this : My last would inform you of my Confinement ; nothing could be worse than the Treatment I received ; yet was I every day threaten'd with additional cruelties, if I did not consent to the proposed Match ; my poor misguided Father, too, sent me word, that he had taken a solemn Oath, never to release me from my Prison, till I was restored to a sense of my Duty, as he call'd it ; 'till I agreed to receive for my Husband the Man of his Choice ; for more than a fortnight things continued in this way ; they endeavoured absolutely to starve me into Compliance ; I was hardly allow'd a sufficiency of Food to support Nature ; but I would a thousand times rather

rather (had there been no such Man as Bouvery in the World) have preferr'd Death, to the wretch they attempted to force on me ; this I repeatedly told them ; yet still they hoped to carry their point ; at length, however, they grew weary of my Obstinacy, and, despairing of Success, by the Measures they had pursued, changed them, for such a Plot—Oh, Clara ! I shudder to recollect it. This morning early, Mrs. Howard's Maid, who had all along been my Jailoress, entered my Room with an Air of affected Gaiety ; Now, Miss, all your Troubles are at an end, cry'd she ; things have taken a strange turn. Come, quick, dress yourself ; here, I have orders to restore your Cloaths ; put on your best Array ; your Papa waits to receive you in the Drawing Room ; there will be such Joy, you'll all be friends again now ; come, come, be quick, for they are impatient to see you ; I knew her too well, to believe that she would thus interest herself in my happiness ; I therefore deigned not to make her any other answer, but that I would obey my Father's orders, and attend him the moment I had made myself fit to appear in his presence ; this I said with an air of perfect Composure. I own, however, that the Message she brought, surprized me not a little ; and that I felt no small impatience to know what she meant by the strange turn that
affairs

Affairs had taken : I dress'd myself as fast as possible, and followed her to the Drawing Room ; there, seated on the Settee, I found my Father, Mrs. Howard, and Mrs. Appleby; the highest good humour appear'd in all their Countenances ; I ran and threw myself at the feet of the former ; Dear Sir, cry'd I, let me thus thank you for once more permitting me to pay you my Respects ; forgive my seeming Perverseness ; for the future you shall find me all obedience. Now you have as I hope given up a Point—He interrupted me, Remember you have promised Obedience ; sit down by your Mother ; take my place ; in a few minutes you will know the Reason why I sent for you. Ah ! Clara ! too soon I knew ; for he almost instantly returned, leading in the hated Appleby, followed by my now inveterate Enemy, Mr. Wilford. I utter'd a faint scream at this unexpected sight, and rose to make my escape, but the doors were bolted—Your Fate is determin'd, said my Father, seizing my hand ; you will get nothing by your Obstinacy and Resistance.—Come, Mr. Wilford, added he, turning to him, begin the Ceremony ; here are a sufficient number of Witnesses.—Think, Clara, what a situation ! I was half frantic. The wicked and unfeeling Wilford instantly obey'd his orders, and began to read the awful Service. All the Company stood up ; my Father held me by the arm ;

arm; I made the house echo with my cries. Alas! what did they avail? no one came to my relief. The Wretch went composedly on to where the Woman is ask'd, "Wilt thou take this Man, &c.?" No! No! exclaimed I, I call Heaven and Earth to witness that I will not, so proceed at your peril.—Call who you please to witness, said Mrs. Howard, sneeringly, but here are witnesses enough already; Resistance is now too late, Miss; you are, to all intents and purposes, a Wife as I and my Sister can swear.—I heard no more; they had attempted to join my hand with the odious Appleby, who beheld my agonies with a grin of spiteful pleasure. His very Touch made me shudder; the blood forsook my Heart, my Head grew giddy, I fell senseless on the floor—When I recover'd, I found myself on a bed, and my pretended Husband seated by the side of it. How I rav'd! for some hours I seem'd totally depriv'd of my Reason; all they could say or do not had the least effect; sometimes they endeavour'd to sooth me, and at others to terrify; 'twas the same thing; I was not sensible of any thing that pass'd. At last, the vile Wilford, after whisp'ring my Father, went out and return'd soon after with a phial and tea-cup; they then forc'd some liquid down my throat: In a few minutes I felt my senses, as it were benumb'd. I endeavour'd still to vent my

Complaints

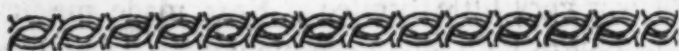
complaints, but my Tongue faulter'd, my Eyes clos'd in spite of myself ; Laudanum was, I suppose, the stupifying Medicine they administer'd ; they fear'd to give me much, I therefore only doz'd. In that state I continued till night ; then, all at once, I awoke to a sense of my Misery. Still the odious Appleby was at my bed-side. In a moment after Mrs. Howard made her appearance ; I suppose they durst not trust my poor Father to be any longer witness to the heart-wounding Grief of his half-distracted Child, lest he should relent. — You have been very ill, my dear Niece, cry'd the cruel Hypocrite, the whole house is thrown into confusion, never did I see so dismal a Wedding Day ; but come, you will be better when undress'd and in bed ; you, Nephew, will, I suppose, chuse to attend your Bride, though 'tis rather early.— Think of this, Clara, and pity me. Heaven did ; for at that instant some degree of Reflection was afforded me. I saw all the horror of my Fate ; I also saw that by dissembling only, I could hope to avoid the misery that awaited me ; I therefore answer'd as if still stupify'd and insensible. They carried me to my Chamber ; I made no resistance, only faintly said, Let me undress myself ; let me say my Prayers ; I always say my Prayers ; This speech, which seem'd to prove the disorder of my head, had the wish'd effect. Mrs. Howard wink'd at her

her Maid;— Humour her, said she, in a half Whisper; we have carry'd our Point; don't hurry her let us retire for a few moments. They went out; in that time I did, indeed, most earnestly address myself to Prayer, till hearing them approach, I hastily jump'd into bed, cloaths and all, covering myself up, so that only my head was seen.— There's a good Girl, cry'd Mrs. Howard; now your Father, and all your Friends will be happy. — I made no answer they went out again, with an intent, I suppose, to send the horrid Appleby. I lost no time for the moment they turn'd their backs I sprung from the bed, threw open the window, and, without bestowing a single thought on the danger, jump'd out of it into the garden. I was very little bruised; Fear made me insensible to Pain, and gave me wings; I flew like lightning. A small door at the bottom opens into the fields; it is only bolted on the inside and, consequently, I found no difficulty to escape. The night was remarkably dark for this season of the year; I ran at random strait forward; neither hedge nor ditch could intercept me; I waded through the one, and, at the expence of a thousand scratches, scrambled over the other. In this manner, for more than three hours, without once pausing to take breath, did I pursue my course, till at length a small retired Cottage obstructed my passage. I enter'd

enter'd the open door, wak'd an old Woman who slept in the Kitchen, and told her as much of my melancholy Tale as to move her compassion ; she rose, re-kindled the fire, warm'd me some milk, and offer'd me a share of her bed. I declined the latter ; then ask'd her how far her house was from 'Squire Appleby's ? — A matter o' six miles, said she. — Are you one of his Tenants, resumed I ? — No, no, I never see'd his Worship in my born days ; my little Farm belongs to Madam Pears.

My Messenger is ready, dear Clara ; there is no time to be lost. Adieu. For Heaven's sake be quick, and dispatch an Answer to your unfortunate

PAMELA HOWARD.



L E T T E R XXIV.

MISS COVENTRY TO MISS HOWARD.

I PITY you ; I approve of your Conduct ; no Girl had ever a more justifiable cause for an Elopement, yet I own I tremble for the consequence. It was a step which I wish'd you by all means to avoid, but it was unavoidable. Take courage, then, my Pamela ; be comforted. Could you for a moment doubt my Friendship ? Blush, and know me better. I think going to London will be your best plan, but not to Lady Edgemore's, for there your Father will doubtless enquire for you. I have a better

better Scheme ; fear not, Clara ; I will not suffer you to go alone.

I hear your Father's voice ; thank Heaven you have hitherto escaped their pursuit. His arrival will prevent my immediately attending you as I propos'd ; however, I have spoke to the sensible and obliging Kitty Parker ; she will supply my place ; at this moment she is preparing for her journey ; your Messenger is ordered to wait in a wood adjoining ; Kitty will mount behind him, they will take bye-roads till they reach your cottage ; from thence, instantly on her arrival, get a post-chaise and four and proceed to London ; Kitty will take the trouble of procuring you a lodging ; she will stay with you till I can, without causing any suspicion of being privy to your motions, make my escape, and fly to console you by my presence. Craven might have been useful on this occasion ; he is humane, generous, and eager to oblige ; but then he is Bouvery's Friend, for which reason I fear to trust him. Beware of that same Bouvery ; should you meet, at this dangerous crisis of your affairs—Ah ! by all means avoid so dangerous a rencounter. Kitty is ready.—I am sent for to be questioned by your noisy Father ; the 'Squire is here, too, arm'd cap-a-pie ; the Man of Peace also, with his demure, hypocritical Phyz. Adieu ; adieu. Heaven protect you.

VOL. II.

D

LETTER

The HISTORY of
LETTER XXV.

Miss PARKER to Miss COVENTRY.

I Have very disagreeable Tidings to impart to my charming Benefactress ; I would personally have inform'd you of what has happen'd, but I am really so fatigued with my uncouth manner of Travelling, that I am absolutely incapable of returning in the same way ; and no Post-chaise, or any other Carriage, is at present to be got in this retired Village ; I shall when I have dispatched this, send to the nearest Town in the Neighbourhood, and attend my dear Miss Coventry as soon as possible.— But, to my Story : On my arrival here, I inquired for your Friend : — Lack-a-day, to think how things will fall out cry'd the good Woman ; why, had you come but half an hour sooner, you would have met as pat as ye please ; for I think it's hardly half an hour since she left us — Left you ? interrupted I — Why, yes, to be sure ; she was like to leave us, when such a fine Gentleman came to fetch her, her Sweetheart, too, as I take it ; to be sure, Miss was a deadly while before she would consent to go ; and cry'd, and took on at a sad rate ; but he spoke, to be sure I never heard such a fine spoken Gentleman ; he say'd, as

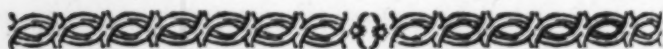
how,

how, her Father was all about, looking for her that he would use her worse than ever, if he got her into his Power ; that he did not value her Fortune ; that a Husband was the only one that could protect her ; and that if she would not have him now, he might, never again have such an Opportunity ; I think he said, too, that he should die, Lord, forgive us ! if she refused his Offers ; and so he fell a kneeling, and then she fell a crying again ; and I am sure it would have made any body cry, to see them both take on as they did ; so then he say'd a great deal more, and took her Hand, and slipp'd his Purse Lord bless him ! into mine ; and I remember she kept crying, Oh, no, Mr. Bouvery ! indeed, I cannot, must not, go with you ; hear me ! hear me ! I, forsooth, heard no more ; for he drew her on, and so at last he lifted her into a fine Chariot, and away they drove like any mad-

—This, my dear Madam, is almost word for word the account I received from the old Woman ; I fear the News will affect you ; yet, no doubt but Captain Bouvery's intentions are honourable ; I presume they are gone to Scotland ; I hope the young Lady's Father will relent, and pardon the consequence of his own indiscreet Severity ; nothing is more common than these kind of Adventures now-a-days. I am sorry, however, that the favourite Friend of my amiable Benefactress should be com-

pell'd to take such a Step ; as I do not think it either safe, or altogether consistent with the Delicacy of our Sex, to elope with a Man, even where Marriage is to be the end of their Journey ; to be alone with him at inns on the road ; to have no female companion on such an occasion ; but Miss Howard's case is singular. Adieu, my dear Madam ; I long exceedingly to assure you, in person, that I am your infinitely obliged and grateful

C. PARKER.



LETTER XXVI.

Mr. BOUVERY to Mr. CRAVEN.

I Am undone, George ; I have lost her ; I deserv'd to lose her ; sweet, gentle, Angel Pamela. Oh ! why did I attempt, why doubt her Virtue ? she did not merit such treatment from her Bouvery ; I repent ; a curse on my schemes. Ah ! what now avails my fruitless Repentance ! Again, with the deepest anguish I repeat it, she is lost to me for ever ; not a dawn of hope remains. Cruel Girl ! alas ! you have ruined yourself to be revenged on me ; but I had justly forfeited your esteem ; I had rendered myself unworthy of your Love ; now we are both wretched, and that for Life ; we, who, but for my fatal prejudices, might have

have been so exquisitely happy. I am going to bid a long adieu to my native country; I submit to voluntary Banishment; since I have, alas, plunged into remediless misery the fairest, brightest maid, that ever did, or ever will grace this happy Isle. Partly by persuasions, partly by force, I prevailed on her to accompany me, after I had discovered the place of her retreat; I took advantage of her disorder'd spirits, vow'd to make her honourably mine; and so I would; but first she was to pass that fatal tryal on which I had determined; we pursued the rout to Scotland with flying expedition. In what agonies, what distraction of mind was she during her journey! nothing could reconcile her to herself; yet she doubted not my honourable intentions; Villain that I was! Why did I give her cause to doubt? Late at night we stopp'd at an inn; her agonies redoubled; supper was brought in; of nothing would she taste; I scorn'd to avail myself of any ungenerous advantages; no wine did I press her to drink; the eloquence of enraptur'd Love was all that I oppos'd to her virtue; oppress'd, fainting with fatigue and grief, she was obliged to retire to an apartment provided for her; every prudent precaution did she take to secure herself in that fancy'd Atylum; but I had bribed the maid. Angel, spotless angel, as you appear, my Pamela, thought I, I must,

ere I make thee mine, put thee to the proof; but this shall be thy last trial, then if I find thee what I wish, thou shalt indeed be mine, nor will thy Bouvery ever more suspect thee. So I argu'd, so determin'd; then stole into her chamber by a private door, which had been discover'd to me. 'Twas midnight; a glimmering lamp alone guided me to the bed. She had thrown herself upon it without taking off her cloaths. Oh! George! with what truly resolute indignation did she repulse my ungenerous attempt. I was thoroughly convinc'd, truly a convert to female virtue; but ah! it was too late; I had gone too far; 'twas an insult not to be forgiven; time, indeed, might have softened her, she might have pardoned; but no time was allowed to either for recollection. While I was yet on my knees before her, penitent for my fault, the door was suddenly burst open, and in rush'd her father, followed by my despicable rival, and Wilford. Pamela ran, and, falling at the feet of the former, clasp'd him round, exclaiming in broken accents, Forgive, forgive your wretched imprudent child! And now, now do with me what you please. Why, are you not married to that rake, that libertine, then? cry'd he. Oh! no! no! (resum'd she,) nor never, never will. What, not married, Girl, and together in a bed-chamber at midnight? Sir, interrupted I, glad

I, glad to catch at that hint, your unexpected appearance has disorder'd her ; she is my wife ; I glory to acknowledge her as such : I ask no fortune from you ; by becoming mine, she is freed from your cruel power : Go, Sir, you have no right to intrude into my apartment.—What ! have I not a right to claim my child ? I tell you once more, said I, with a resolute air, she is my wife, and as such you have no longer authority over her ; I neither ask a fortune with her, nor am I solicitous for your pardon.—Oh ! my father ! my dear father ! save me ! protect me ! cry'd she, he is not my husband ; leave me not with him ; take me back with you ; confine me for life ; feed me on bread and water, or even marry me to the man I hate ; do any thing but leave me here.—I take you at your word, returned he. Mr. Appleby, Mr. Wilford, you hear her declare that she is not married. Are you (addressing himself to the former) still willing to take her ? Sir, cry'd I, springing forward and seizing her in my arms, while I have life I will defend my right : She knows not what she says ; you have terrify'd her out of her senses. He advanced with a design to take her from me. Touch her at your peril, cry'd I, drawing my sword. The half-distracted angel continued screaming. Save me, save me, I am not, I never will be his ! On this the three ruffians rush'd upon me

at once. In regard to my Pamela, I avoided doing any injury to her father ; the other two did not escape so well : In the scuffle, the dear ill-fated girl, too anxious for her father's safety, hardly knowing what she did, threw herself between us ; in defending myself, her lovely arm receiv'd a wound. Far rather would I have shed all the blood in my veins, than have beheld a single drop trickle from her's : The sight unmann'd me ; I dropp'd the fatal weapon from my trembling hand, and flew to her support. Thus imprudently unarm'd, my enemies easily made me their captive. The people of the house were now called to assist them in securing me ; there was no contending with such odds ; they had secured my sword the moment I dropp'd it. The fainting Pamela was carried out of the room ; her father and his gang follow'd. I then address'd myself to my guards, amongst whom was the master of the inn ; I offer'd him a thousand guineas if he would release me. If you could give me all England, said he, I dare not ; the young Lady is wounded, perhaps mortally ; I am under the necessity of continuing you a prisoner, till we see the event. 'Twas in vain to expostulate ; the room was full of people, the doors lock'd, Fellows, arm'd with pistols, plac'd as guards. Imagine my situation, George ! Can you conceive my rage and distraction?

traction ? Thus, for a whole day and a night was I confin'd : Then the host, who had left me to attend his business, came in, and bowing low, Your honour is now free to go where you please. I hope you will pardon the hand I have had in this affair, but your Honour knows it was by order of his Worship, who is a Justice of Peace. He and his family went away very early this morning. I am sure I pity the poor young lady ; the wound she received from your Honour was the least of her troubles ; that was but slight ; if she could as easily get ~~un~~married again as she got cured of that, why it would not so much signify. Well, in my life I never was witness to such a wedding, and hope I never shall again ; though, to be sure, it was with her own consent, as it were — Marry'd ! exclaimed I, is it possible ? — Aye, as sure as you're alive, Sir ; my wife and I were present at the ceremony ; I thought the poor woman would have cry'd her eyes out, for to be sure it was deadly moving to see the sweet young lady, such a pretty creature, pale as death, trembling, and hardly to be kept from fainting the whole time ; my wife was oblig'd to support her in her arms ; but to be sure she did not make any resistance, or forbid the banns. Then I wonder'd at the young 'Squire, ; he never seem'd to trouble his head about her, but did as the old gentleman bid him ; so like a

great Booby, no marvel that she could not fancy him.—So ran on my Host, George; while I, petrify'd with Grief and Astonishment, sat like a Statue. 'Tis too much; oh! never, never shall I recover the shock. Oh! Pamela! Pamela! my Angel Pamela! you have undone us both. Adieu. I shall instantly set off for France; yet to what purpose? Alas! I cannot fly from myself. Thus, George, end the unfortunate Adventures of

HENRY BOUVERY.



LETTER XXVII.

Mrs. APPLEBY to Miss COVENTRY.

CLARA, my dear Clara, let me employ some of the last moments of a wretched life in thanking you for your generous and unmerited Friendship. I hope I shall soon be released from all my troubles, from a World that has no longer any charms for the ruin'd, the unfortunate Pamela. Bouvery, (could you have thought it?) Bouvery deceiv'd me; but I deserv'd it, for imprudently, in spite of your repeated cautions, putting myself into his power. Let my example warn our Sex never to trust or think they can be safe within the reach of faithless Men. He dar'd—My heart dies within me at the fatal recollection; I have
neither

neither strength nor spirits to relate to you the cruel Adventure. Why, can I not hate him as he deserves? Why can I not banish him from my Heart? Oh! Death, come and release me from a detested Marriage, and unconquerable, though now criminal Attachment. Yes, my dear sympathizing Friend, my Fate is decided; I am marry'd; and every prospect of Happiness is fled for ever; not a shadow of Hope remains; no Hope but that of a speedy Death, which alone can restore me to Peace. Instigated by a too just resentment I obey'd my Father's will; he has given me a Husband; such a Husband! —Oh! Clara, already does he begin to display his Tyranny; his Mother too; —but I shall soon be released from their power; the blow is struck. I am exceedingly ill. I would ask no more of them but the quiet and undisturb'd possession of this Apartment; even that is denied me; my Husband has a right to share it. I shudder at his approach. His Passion is gross and indelicate as his Manners. He likes my Person, yet thinks me unworthy of his Esteem; he suspects my Virtue; he upbraids me with my attachment to Bouvery; he will not credit my Assertions; he now scruples not to declare, that nothing but my Fortune could have induced him, after my late unfortunate Adventure, to have made me his Wife; his Mother also insults me; my Motions are, for the future,

to

to be strictly watch'd ; no sort of Liberty to be allow'd me. Think what a Life (if I should live, which Heaven forbid) I have to look forward to ! My situation has mov'd the Compassion of one of the Maids who waits on me ; she has faithfully promised to put this Letter into the Post, but I fear it will be the last you will be suffer'd to receive from me, as Mr. Appleby has vow'd to inspect every one that I either attempt to send, or that comes here directed for me. Take care, then my only Friend ; be cautious what you write ; I am too much dispirited to think of any scheme for a private Correspondence ; no, let me be completely wretched, deprived of every Consolation. Why, indeed, should I write ? Again I repeat it, not a shadow of Hope remains for the ruin'd Pamela.

P. S. My Father left us this morning, happy to be released from his troublesome Charge. My Step-mother triumphs ; none of my former Friends are to be admitted to see me ; I am a prisoner for life. Adieu, adieu, my sweet Companion, my sensible mistress ; Heaven bless you. You will soon I presume, give your Hand to the deserving Craven ; he is no artful Intriguer. May every Felicity be the lot of my Clara, is the Prayer of

Her heart-broken

P. A.
LETTER

Miss PAMELA HOWARD. 61

L E T T E R XXVIII.

Miss COVENTRY to Mrs. APPLEBY.

MA Y that accursed Bouvery—but he is as wretched as I could wish. Alas, my Dear, you was too precipitate; he meant only to put your Virtue to the proof; so Craven assures me. But he has caused the ruin of my best loved Friend, therefore, let his intentions have been what they would, I never, never, can forgive him. How I wept on reading your moving Letter; the last I shall receive from you do you say? Heaven forbid! no, I will both see you and hear from you, in spite of your inhuman Jailors; I would instantly have flown to you, but that I have been summoned to attend Lady Edgemore, who, the Messenger tells me, is dangerously ill; but I will not leave you quite comfortless in your afflictions; I have sent you a Friend, one who will sympathize in all your Sorrows; a gentle, amiable Friend, who is prepared to pity you; who has consented to an humble disguise, and as humble a Situation, in order to be near you; the grateful Girl would even lay down her life to oblige me; the Person I mean is Kitty Parker; she is the Bearer of this Letter; she will endeavour to be received into your Family as your Attendant; we have procured the Recommendation of some Acquaintances of Mrs. Appleby's; she will offer herself as your Maid, and pretend to

to be quite devoted to the interest of your worthless Mother-in-law ; she has Wit, and will, I dare say, artfully manage our Scheme ; by her means we shall be able to continue our Correspondence ; her engaging Conversation will alleviate your Grief ; when I have discharged my Duty to a dying Relation, I will at least make an attempt to see you ; I shall not easily be repulsed. Be comforted then, my Love ; yield not to Despair ; rather make the best of your Fate ; there are no Misfortunes in Life which have not some alleviating Circumstances to enable us to bear them ; neither perfect Happiness, nor perfect Misery, is the lot of Mortals ; the Man you have been compell'd to accept, is, indeed, every way unworthy of you ; but, surely, with your superior Understanding, you may at least render him tractable ; I should never have thought of your being governed by such an Idiot ; assert your right, be Mistress of your own House, resume a proper share of Spirit ; the Man is your Husband ; endeavour to discharge your Duty as a Wife ; a painful Task, I own to such a Booby ; but there's no remedy now ; submit, then, my Love, to the destiny which Heaven allots you ; try to conquer your unhappy passion ; banish from your Thoughts the Wretch who dare to attempt your Virtue ; you are call'd to suffer, be a
bright

bright example of patience. In your Virgin State you were truly estimable, though compell'd by necessity to deviate, in a few particulars, from the narrow thorny path of Duty ; profit by your past Errors, and let me glory in my Friend.

You suppose I shall soon give my Hand to the deserving Craven ; you say deserving— Ah ; at present I despise the whole airtful Sex ; and yet I cannot answer for myself ; the Man appears to have no very capital faults ; if I marry at all, which at present is doubtful, so much have your misfortunes affected me ; if I do, I know not where I could better myself ; for bad's the best. We shall see. Adieu, my best Pamela ; the carriage waits to convey me to London ; I hope our scheme will succeed, and that I shall ere long, have the Happiness of hearing from you, of hearing that you are less wretched than when you last wrote ; till I do, your kind wishes will be ineffectual ; if you are miserable, no felicity can be experienced by

Your sympathizing

CLARA COVENTRY.

LETTER

L E T T E R XXIX.

Miss PARKER to Miss COVENTRY.

THANK Heaven! my amiable Benefactress, I have gain'd admission to your lovely friend. Lovely indeed! I was absolutely astonished at her Beauty; never did I behold her equal; neither Sickness nor Grief have been able to destroy her charms; her fine features, her thousand nameless Graces, still remain; though pining care preys on her damask cheek, I have the pleasure to find that my company is agreeable to her; I use my utmost endeavour to divert her Melancholy; but, alas! with little success; 'tis too deeply rooted in her Heart; she would have wrote; she wish'd to express her Gratitude for your kind attention, for your generous conduct; but she is exceedingly weak and low; she is not able to apply herself to any thing; her Writing, her Books, her Music, no longer amuse; the least fatigue throws her into fainting fits, which last so long, that I sometimes despair of her recovery. She works a little at her Needle, seldom speaks, but listens to me with obliging complaisance. I believe, however, she would rather be alone, to indulge her melancholy reflections. I am loth to intrude, but yet I think it is not safe to permit her enjoyment of that sadly pleasing satisfaction; I therefore often force my company on her, when I

fancy

fancy she could dispense with it ; I even affect a gaiety in my conversation which is not very natural to me, and which her unfortunate situation renders still more difficult for me to assume. Her behaviour to that Animal her Husband is truly amiable ; she yields to him in every thing ; nor is she less submissive to his domineering Mother, with both of whom by the bye, I am exceedingly in favour ; more with the former, indeed than I could wish ; the Wretch has the presumption to hope—Oh! how unworthy is he of such a Treasure of Sweetness and Beauty ; but he too well knows that he was the object of her aversion. I really believe he marry'd her out of spite, to be reveng'd on her for her former slights ; he is, I can see, of a malicious Temper ; often am I astonish'd at her Patience ; he is continually reproaching her with her passion for Bouvery ; one day in particular, he said to her, you may well regard me as a good-humour'd, easy Fool, to take up, as I have done with his leavings ; you, indeed, found me a convenient cloak to cover your shame ; but you shall also find, Madam, that I know my prerogative, that I know how to keep a Wife under proper subjection as well as my Neighbours. Your sweet afflicted Friend blush'd, sigh'd, and in a mild accent answer'd ; You, Sir, do indeed seem perfectly disposed to command, I will endeavour

your to know how to obey; thank Heaven, your Authority does not extend beyond the Grave; to that peaceful Asylum I hope I am hastening; for there, and there only, do I expect to find rest.—Fine talking, cry'd the Brute; but the Heart of a Wife is made of tough Materials; I never yet knew one of them break.—I dare say, however, returned she, meekly, it will not be your fault, if mine does not.—Aye, cry'd he, with a boorish laugh, I wish you could make your Words good, for I love to see strange and uncommon sights.

His Mother's behaviour is equally insulting; she takes upon her the whole Management of the Family; your charming Pamela is a mere Cypher in the House. I find, however, that Mr. Howard has been prudent enough to procure for her a very considerable Jointure, and also a handsome Sum for Pin-money; justly was she entitled to both, considering what a very large Fortune she brings to her Husband I am rejoiced that she is not left absolutely dependent on his Bounty; I mean during his life; she has enough in her own power, not only to furnish herself with every Necessary, but to relieve the Wants of others; in which, like her beneficent Friend, my noble Benefactress, she takes infinite delight. Though her own melancholy situation engrosses much of her thoughts, yet she is not insensible to the woes of others;

the

the Prayers and Blessings of the Poor are duly offer'd up for her ; for none ever sue to her in vain ; this has drawn on her many severe Censures from Mrs. Appleby, who loudly condemns her Extravagance, as she, narrow-hearted, sordid Wretch, calls her charitable distributions. In short, my dear Madam, I think one cannot, upon the whole, imagine a more undeservedly miserable Fate than that which she experiences. I am sorry to distress you by such unwelcome Tidings, as I know you sympathize in all her Sorrows ; but I should not answer the Intent for which you sent me here, were I not to transmit to you a faithful account of all that passes. Adieu, my dear Madam, believe me ever

Your grateful and devoted

C. PARKER.



L F T T E R XX.

Mr. BOUVERY to Mr. CRAVEN.

I Rejoice at your approaching Felicity, my dear George ; you deserve to be happy. I trifled with mine, and as justly deserv'd to forfeit it. That I have effectually done. There lives not on the face of the earth a more wretched Being than your Bouvery. If the just Punishment of my Folly fell only on me, I could support

support it with some degree of Fortitude ; but Pamela ! the innocent lovely Pamela !—There's no bearing this subject.—Yet I wish to enquire—Why should I ? I know, I am convinc'd she is, she must be miserable. You are, out of compassion to me, silent on this head. Ah ! do you think I ever can, or that I ever wish to forget her ? No, for ever will I cherish in my faithful Breast the Memory of my ill-fated Love. I fly from her ; not with the vain Hope of regaining my lost Peace, or expecting, by Change of Scenes, and a Variety of new Objects, to weaken the Impression she has made on my Heart : No, I fly, because I fear to trust my too impetuous Temper. I fear to involve her in new Troubles. For her sake alone do I quietly suffer my despicable Rival to enjoy his charming Prize. The Husband (curse on the name) of my Pamela is protected by the very thing, which excites me to vengeance. I cannot wound him without wounding her Fame. Oh ! I have already but too much injur'd her. I shall tire you, George, yet I hardly know how to drop the mournful theme, What a change is wrought in me ! My Sentiments, my Manner, my Person—I never shall be the Man I was. — A weight of woe hangs upon my Spirits, and Mirth and Gaity are fled for ever.

I have

I have been exceedingly ill since I left England ; so ill, that my life was despair'd of. I owe much to the friendly care of our old Acquaintance, Sir Charles Grandison, who happened at the time, accompanied by Mr. Lowther, to be at Paris. I was lodged in the street ; he heard of me by accident ; and, as he seems to exist for no other purpose but to be serviceable to his Fellow-creatures, he, being inform'd of my danger, hasten'd to offer all the assistance in his power. Our intimacy had not ripen'd into Friendship. In those days I used to chuse my Friends rather from agreeable, than estimable Qualities. Sir Charles has a formality in his manner which disgusted me ; perhaps too the strictness of his Morals made me too sensible of my inferiority ; I therefore took no great pains to cultivate his Acquaintance ; but now I am in a humour to be grave, he is quite to my taste, and I have the pleasure to find, that I am also more, by the Change of my Disposition, conformable to his. He insisted on my accompanying him to Bologna, where his Lady is on a visit to the La Porretta Family. I had the curiosity to see the celebrated Miss Byron, as well as his noble Italian Friends ; Clementina in particular. Lady G--and her Lord are also here. There never was a more amiable Society than that to which he has introduced me. Clementina is exquisitely handsome ;

Lady

Lady G—astonishingly lively and agreeable : She takes infinite pains to amuse and raise my dejected Spirits ; 'tis hardly possible to be dull in her Company ; she is absolutely the most engaging Creature I ever met with ; such an inexhaustable Fund of Wit, yet so much Good-nature—I think her far superior, in every respect, to the sententious, grave Lady Grandison, though it must be owned, that the Person of the latter is more regularly beautiful ; but, in my opinion, she is rather insipid ; so very sentimental, so very wise, and, if I mistake not, so very sensible of her Perfections—I never indeed was an Admirer of her Character—So insufferably prudent, weeping, trembling, blushing, fainting, timid even to affectation—I love Sensibility, I adore Modesty in the Sex ; but Excess in any thing degenerates into a Fault. Sir Charles would never forgive me were he to see this Criticism, for he thinks her the most perfect of Women. He is right ; I wish every Husband thought the same — I do not mean of his Wife, but of their own. Our Tastes differ. I do not like that Stile of Beauty which captivates him : Miss Byron, Lady Grandison I should say, is too fair ; her Features, upon the whole, are too regular ; they want Animation. She is not unlike our pretty baby-fac'd Friend Lady Henly ; yet it must be acknowledged she has forty times her Sense.

Pamela

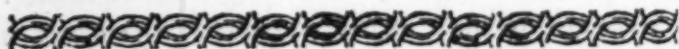
Pamela Howard was ten thousand degrees more engaging than either. Sir Charles and she are, however, exceedingly well match'd; they have both a Formality in their manner which one seldom meets with in People of their Rank, and who have seen so much of the World. They both dress rather richly than elegantly. Not a pin in the Lady's cloaths but what is stuck in with the utmost exactness; not a coat is ever worn by Sir Charles, but what appears fresh imported from Monsieur La Tailleur, sufficiently stay-tap'd and buckram'd; then they are so expert at all the little puerilities of Ceremony; I have often laugh'd when their manner of handing about Grandmothers, Uncles, Aunts, and Cousins, from one room to another, has been described to me. That etiquette of primitive good Breeding is still kept up. We always march in a kind of procession. I indeed am often out in my part, but as Lady G—— is generally the person I chuse to escort, 'tis the less matter, for she is as heedless as myself, nay, is often a little arch, when she sees her Brother Chapeau Bras gallanting his Deary from one apartment to another. We live gayly and agreeably for all this, for nothing can be more animated more spirited, than our Conversations. Charlotte has oblig'd me to rub up my Italian; there is, she says, with her usual vivacity, no supporting any
other

other Language ; the English is so rough, so sonorous, that it breaks the Drum of her Ear ; but Cara Amita, how soft, how elegant, how soothing ! Could I forget the past, I should greatly enjoy the present ; but cruel Memory embitters all my Joys. I know not when I shall return to England. Let me know when when your happy Knot is ty'd, that I may at least rejoice in your Felicity, though none is now to be hoped for by

Your deservedly wretched

HENRY BOUVERY.

P. S. Tell me if my sweet Pamela is yet in any measure reconciled to ——. I cannot proceed. Adieu.



L E T T E R XXXI.

Mr. BOUVERY to Mr. CRAVEN.

I AM going to treat you with a very extraordinary Adventure, which at present engrosses all our Attention and Conversation. It has made so strong an impression on me, (for it happened but yesterday morning,) that I in some measure forget my own sorrows, to sympathize in those of my Neighbours. That I might be at my ease, I refused an apartment in the Palace

Palace *De la Poretta*, and took up my residence in an adjoining Hotel, though I generally spend most part of every day with my friends. Doctor Lowther, perhaps from the same motives, is my fellow-lodger. Yesterday, early in the morning, (or rather in the middle of the night, for we had not long been in bed,) I heard a loud rap at the gate. As Sleep does not often favour me with a visit, I was the first to jump out of bed; I threw on my night-gown, rang my bell, then ran to the window. A coach stood at the gate; it was open'd.—A person is dangerously ill in the neighbourhood, (said a man, putting his head out of the carriage,) we come to fetch Mr. Lowther to his assistance; pray desire him to make haste.—As there was nothing in this to excite my curiosity, I returned to bed, and thought no more of it. Next morning I went to the Palace, having engaged to breakfast with Sir Charles. I found his Lady a little indisposed; she is in a way to make an addition to their Family; bleeding was proposed; Mr. Lowther was sent for, as she did not care to trust herself in any other hands. The messenger stay'd a long while, but my informing them of his last night's summons, accounted for the delay; most likely he would retire to rest on his return from his midnight expedition. At last he came, but so pale, so agitated, that every one eagerly enquired the

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cause of his violent emotions.—Send for another surgeon, cry'd he, if Lady Grandison thinks bleeding absolutely necessary; not for worlds would I, in my present situation, venture to perform the operation. Oh! Sir Charles, added he, (clasping his hands) what a night have I pass'd! to what a scene have I been witness! Pray order me a glass of water; he drank some mix'd with hartshorn—Never, never, said he, shall I be myself again; my nerves are quite unstrung.—For Heaven's sake tell us what has happen'd to you, cry'd we all; in a breath.—I will, resumed he, as soon as I can collect my scatter'd senses. I want, indeed, to consult with you what is proper to be done in the melancholy affair. Lady Grandison, continued he, I could wish your Ladyship to retire; in your condition the story may dangerously affect you. She blush'd celestial rosy red at this hint; Sir Charles took her hand, and led her out.—Now, Doctor, pray proceed; you have highly rais'd our curiosity.—Did you, Mr. Bouvery, said he, hear the summons I received last night? You have, perhaps, told my friends here, that I was sent for to a person dangerously ill. I stay'd not to make any enquiries; but stepp'd into the coach; the night was remarkably dark, a fit night for deeds of darkness. I saw, however, by the lamps at the gate, that two men were in the carriage;

carriage ; they only suffer'd me to have a slight glance, for the instant I was seated, one of them clapp'd a gag in my mouth, while the other ty'd a bandage over my eyes. The surprise caused by such unexpected treatment, depriv'd me, for some time, of power to resist, and, ere I recover'd from it, they also bound my arms with a cord, assuring me all the while, however, that I had nothing to fear ; that they meant me no injury ; only do what we require, and in a few hours you shall be brought back in safety ; we chose you to execute our designs, because you are a stranger here, and the affair demands the utmost secrecy.—This was all the conversation that pass'd during our journey ; they spoke, too, in a feigned voice. In spite of their assurances I did not doubt but that they were Russians, hired by some secret enemy to murder me. Judge then of the situation of my mind, while we were driven at a furious rate, up one street, and down another, half over the town. At length the coach stopp'd ; they lifted me out between them ; I heard them open a gate, and soon after could feel that we were on a gravel walk ; I guess'd, too, by the freshness of the air, that we were either out of town, or in an open garden. After walking some time, they again open'd a door, and then passing through what I judg'd to be a hall, led me up stairs. As

soon as we reach'd the top, they said to me, Now do what we order you, or your life shall be the forfeit of your disobedience ; we are not to be trifled with ; we do not promise you any reward, because we know you would reject it ; we brought you here to serve ourselves ; you do not stand in need of our assistance.—So saying, they unbound my hands, and uncovered my eyes, at the same time restoring me to the use of my speech. I look'd round ; my sight for some moments was imperfect ; a glimmering lamp was all our light ; the men wore masks ; they pointed to a door : In that room, said they, you will find a young woman whom we have devoted to death ; her blood alone can wash out the stain of dishonour which she has cast on an antient and illustrious family : Go, Sir, open her veins ; a tub and warm water is placed ready to facilitate your operation, and to hasten her justly-merited fate ; (be quick, added they, turning the key) we will wait here till you have executed our orders ; your safety depends on yourself ; obey, and live ; if not you never more shall see the light of day.—They each held a pistol in their hand.—Go, repeated they, steel your heart against a wretch who merits only your contempt. We wou'd have sav'd you the trouble of being her executioner, but that, from reasons which it is unnecessary to inform you of, we

we are restrain'd from embruing our hands in her polluted blood.

Gentlemen, said I, in a resolute voice, I am in your power, I submit my life to your mercy ; for I would forfeit a thousand lives rather than do what humanity shudders but to think of.—Reflect, said they, on the consequence of your refusal ; by it you will lose your life, without saving that of our devoted victim.—A sudden thought struck me ; I may perhaps be able to facilitate her escape ; I will at least see her, ere I yield myself to these monsters of cruelty ; 'tis necessary to dissemble. With this intent I at last affected to yield to their diabolical request. The door was open'd, I went in ; I heard them turn the key. What a sight presented itself ! A young creature, who appear'd not to be above seventeen, lay extended on the floor, uttering the most moving complaints, and imploring Heaven to save her from the impending blow which I found she expected. She was dress'd in a loose mourning robe ; her fine hair flow'd in ringlets on her shoulders ; her face, in spite of grief, was inexpressibly lovely ; so indeed was her whole form. As soon as I approach'd, she started up, and threw herself at my feet.—You have not the air of a cruel assassin, cry'd she ; I rather hope to find you a deliverer. Oh ! pity me, pity me and save—How can I save you, my poor child,

said I, I fear there is no possibility of an escape. She ran to the window.—Alas! I fear not, generous stranger. See these iron bars. Oh! I cannot, I cannot dye.—If I was but arm'd, if I had but my sword, but so defenceless!—Sir, cry'd she, here is a dagger, which one of my revengeful brothers brought with an intent to dispatch me, had not the other, less inhuman, dissuaded him; will that be of any service to you? Yet risque not your life in defence of an unfortunate girl, who has reason to be weary of her existence. I took the dagger. It may be of use, yet be not too sanguine in your hopes; I will indeed sell our lives as dear as I can, but it will be next to a miracle if either of us escapes; however, follow me, and let's try. So saying, I rapp'd at the door.—Is she dispatch'd? cry'd one of the men.—Yes, yes, return'd I, let me out. The door open'd, he look'd in. I instantly (self-defence compell'd me to it) plung'd the dagger in his breast; he groan'd, and fell. The other rush'd forward, crying out, Villain, you have murder'd him! and at the same time fir'd his pistol; it miss'd me, but, alas! fatally reach'd my trembling companion; she utter'd a loud shriek, and sunk down by her (as I fear) lifeless brother. The other pistol lay near him; I snatch'd it up. My surviving antagonist no longer oppos'd my escape. I fled with the
utmost

utmost precipitation, hardly, however, knowing which way to direct my course ; I saw a door near the foot of the stairs ; not that at which I had enter'd, for this open'd into a street ; I do not remember ever to have been in it before. I luckily had not proceeded far before I met with a carriage. I had not been five minutes at home before I receiv'd your message. I was indeed coming to consult with you on what was proper to be done. From the coachman I learnt the name of the street where he took me up ; but I much doubt if I should be able to find the house ; iron bars in the upper windows is all the direction I have, and those are common in this country.—I will instantly order my carriage, cry'd Sir Charles ; let us at least attempt it ; the lady may not be dead ; the man too, wretch as he is, we will not suffer him to die for want of assistance. He rang the bell ; in a few minutes the coach was at the gate ; I chose to accompany them. The doctor gave directions to the servant. We were set down at the corner of the street ; a very retired one as it proved, and at the outskirts of the town. We examined every house on both sides, but no iron bars could we discover. Dr. Lowther began to fear, in the perturbation of his mind, he had mistaken the name ; when accidentally casting up my eyes down a narrow turning, I saw a large old-fa-

shioned building, which seemed greatly out of repair, and uninhabited. In the Gothic windows of this ruinous mansion we beheld what we were in search of. I pointed it out to my companions; the Doctor, on the very first glance, exclaim'd, 'The very house! I now perfectly recollect it; that is the very gate from whence I made my escape; perhaps it is not yet shut.—I ran to examine; You are right, cry'd I, it must be the place; see the door is still ajar. We had taken care to arm ourselves against the danger that we might expect to encounter, so went in without apprehension; the Doctor, indeed, relapsed into a violent agitation on entering the gloomy mansion, where he had been witness to such a scene of horror; all the shutters were closed; we had hardly light enough to find the stairs; we ascended them, our drawn swords in our hands; we had not proceeded far before we heard a voice; it was weak and faint; but whether male or female, we could not distinguish; it was evidently, however, that of a person in distress; for we could distinctly hear their sighs and groans; we quickened our pace lest we should come too late for relief. A lamp quivering in its socket gave us but an imperfect light; I open'd a shutter on the stair-case then we plainly saw the unfortunate young lady lying in the place where he had left her, weltring

insults me with his odious and criminal Passion ; the Monster has conceived a perfect aversion to your lovely Friend. What a Fate is her's, to be treated with the such brutality ! at a time too, when her Condition demands the utmost Tenderneſs and Indulgence ; but her deſpicable and ſuſpicious Huſband ſays the moſt ſhocking Things ; I hardly know how to repeat them ; that fatal Adventure at the Inn has made a deep Impreſſion on him ; he dares to aſſert that the Child with which ſhe is pregnant is not his, nor will be, he vows, ever own it as ſuch. How much does he injure your virtuous, unfortunate Friend ! She bears his inhuman inſults with a meekneſs which aſtoniſhes me ; ſhe looks forward with calm reſignation to the approaching painful hour, which ſhe hopes will put a period to her wretched exiſtence. Indeed I fear, from the declining State of her Health, and the conſtant Grief which preys on her Spirits, that ſhe will ſtand but little chance of recovering ; ſhe does not take enough of exerciſe ; the Phyſicians have ordered her to take an airing every day ; but, would you believe it, the Monster, who I have not patience to call her Huſband, has abſolutely the cruelty to reſuſe her the uſe of his Carriage. 'Tis no matter, ſaid ſhe, this morning, with a faint ſmile, when I had in vain ſolicited it for her ; I ſhall ſoon, very ſoon, reach the end of my Journey

Journey without it. Oh! it breaks my Heart to be witness to her affecting Melancholy; I can no longer assume any degree of chearfulness, I weep continually; weep the more, because she never sheds a tear; but resigns herself to her Fate with a composure which is ten times more moving than loud and passionate expressions of Sorrow. She regrets your confinement in Town. Lady Edgmore's illness happens at an unfortunate Time, as she earnestly wishes for the consolation of seeing you once more, as she mournfully says, before she dies. Indeed, I do not think she will be long an Inhabitant of this disorder'd World. How severely is she punish'd for a breach of Duty! though she had such just cause for flight: But, perhaps, she ought not to have gone off with Mr. Bouvery. Alas! who will not pardon her that knows the Power of an eloquent Lover. Ah! why did he so ill requite her for the Confidence she reposed in him! How ungenerous is the Sex! yet I believe and hope Mr. Craven is an exception; he appears every way worthy, worthy even of you, my charming Friend. May you be compleatly happy in your approaching Union, is the earnest Prayer of

Your obliged,

C. PARKER.

L E T T E R XXXIII.

Mr. BOUVERY to Mr. CRAVEN.

YOUR accounts of my Pamela cut me to the soul. I must return to England. Yet, alas! wretch that I am, I have put it out of my power to be of service to her. But I must see her, must obtain her Forgiveness before—Oh! can I write the shocking sentence?—Must I say before she dies?—No, she must not, shall not die. If she does, my comfort is I feel I shall not long survive her. The very Idea of losing her for ever, freezes up my Blood; the certainty of it would, I am convince'd, be more than I could support. Let me drive the horrid subject from my thoughts; or rather let me attempt it, by resuming the Adventure, about which you express so much curiosity.

You are, you say, deeply interested in the Fate of our Fair Unfortunate; I have the pleasure to inform you, that she is out of Danger. This generous and noble-minded family have omitted no means to facilitate her Recovery. I am charmed with their Behaviour on the occasion. Lady G—, the good-natured, the sweetly compassionate Lady G—, is almost constantly in her apartment. Clementina also frequently honours her with a visit. Lady Grandison would likewise have attended, but was prohibited by her doating Husband, who thought it would, in her present condition,

too much affect her delicate Spirits. I do not indeed think she was so earnest as I could wish on the occasion. The truth is, she entertains some doubts of Isabella's Virtue ; and Harriet you know, is the very pink of purity. The other Ladies speak with raptures of her Beauty and amiable Behaviour. Charlotte vows that she is the most perfectly lovely Creature she ever beheld. Her fair Sister-in-law smiles a little contemptuously, and casts a glance at Sir Charles.——

I was interrupted by the lively Lady G—. Don't sit scribbling there, cry'd she ; go, decorate your sweet person. Who knows what effect it may have on the charming Isabella ? This afternoon we are to be admitted *en famille*, to her apartment ; you consequently, are included : She is going to treat us with her dolorous Adventures. Poor Doctor Lowther, continu'd she, 'twas a pity he durst not stay to be an Auditor. But we'll carry her to England, and then I'll take upon me to be her Historian; the honest Man shall have his Curiosity satisfy'd as well as we. You must know, George, that it was not thought safe for him to continue any longer here, after being engag'd in so fatal an affair : He is therefore return'd to the happy Land of Liberty, where no mid-night assassins are to be dreaded. Sir Charles accompanied him to where he embark'd, ever devoted to the
service

service of his Friends. Adieu, George, I shall have a long Narrative to send you ; but, as the Post is going out, will dispatch this. Patience ; 'tis a necessary Lesson for you to learn, now you are on the point of entering into the holy State of Matrimony. Your's, &c.

HENRY BOUVERY.

P. S. Your account of my Friend Easton's Felicity charms me ; would I had more such actions to look back to. I have had the Pleasure, the Honour to make one deserving Man easy and happy in his Circumstances ; would it were in my power to make thousands so ; though none is reserv'd for Your

H. B.



L E T T E R XXXIV.

Miss PARKER to Mrs. ELISON.

This is the first Letter that the Editor of this Work thought necessary to insert of Miss Parker's to any of her Friends, except Miss Coventry, as not being essential to the History ; though she kept up a constant Correspondence with the above Lady, Mrs. Elison, who was the sole Confidant of her own private Affairs.

MR. Craven is married, my dear Friend ; 'twas what I had reason to expect ; and yet I own my weak Fear't felt a severe Pang.

—Foolish

—Foolish Girl, he could be nothing to me. Gratitude forbid me to wish that he should. No, I am not such a selfish Wretch. From the first I struggled with my unfortunate Passion; my resolution is now firmly and unalterably fixed; nothing shall tempt me to change my single State. The generous Mrs. Craven, the thrice happy Bride, with the consent of her charming Husband, has made me a Present which I hardly knew how to accept—I am absolutely overwhelmed with a grateful Sense of their undeserved Goodness—No less than Six Thousand Pounds! Oh! how nobly liberal are their Minds! How justly they deserve to be happy! That they may be so, shall be my constant Prayer. I would immediately retire to my favourite Solitude; I would bid a long Adieu to a World, where I have experienced so many Misfortunes; but that I know not how to quit the poor suffering dying Pamela—Let me not call her by her other odious Name.—I dare say she will not survive the trying hour that is approaching. Her Husband grows every day more tyrannical. I have at last, however effectually freed myself from his detestable persecution. I treated him with all the scorn and indignation his criminal insults deserved. Yet I know not if I so soon should have got rid of his impertinence, but that he has found a new Object, who will, I fear, be as easy a conquest

as he could wish : The person I mean is one of the Dairy-maids, a fresh Country Girl, who, under an Appearance of Simplicity, conceals a great deal of low Cunning. As I, in some measure, superintend the Servants, (a task I am obliged to submit to, in order to retain Mrs. Appleby's good graces,) I have an opportunity of knowing something of her Character. She already begins to give herself Airs ; already begins to domineer over her Companions ; if they complain, she threatens to tell the 'Squire. His Passion for her is no secret : She has even the Folly to boast of it. I foresee from this low and despicable source new Troubles to my sweet afflicted Friend.

Mrs. Craven; and (Oh ! my Friend, why can I not, without a sigh, add her Husband !) have been here. She could scarce gain admittance ; but she peremptorily insisted on seeing her Cousin. She was ill, they said, and saw no Company. Wretches ! cry'd Mrs. Craven, pushing by the insolent Fellow, who was sent to deliver this rude Message, I will see her, and instantly pushed up stairs. The surprize and joy caused by her unexpected appearance was too much for the weak spirits of her Friend. She utter'd a scream and fell back motionless in her chair. Her welcome Clara and I hurried to her assistance. Mrs Craven clasp'd

clasp'd her in her arms ; I brought some water ; they both stood in need of it. Never was there a more affecting Meeting. For some time Tears were their only Language. My Benefactress gazed, with pitying eyes, on the altered, emaciated, yet still lovely Pamela ! Then again press'd her to her sympathizing Bosom. I make you melancholy, my dear Clara, cry'd, Pamela ; think not of my Woes, let us rather talk of your Happiness. All Husbands are not like mine. How is the worthy, the amiable Craven ? Shall I not see him ? Not without he takes your Castle by storm, return'd Clara. What, return'd her Friend, did they attempt to oppose your entrance ? Y'es, Child, but I was not so easily repuls'd. While she spoke, Appleby and his Mother bound'd into the room, and, without taking the slightest notice of our Guest, placed themselves on the settee. Mr. Appleby, with a meek voice, said the gentle Pamela, have you not seen Mr. Craven. I hope my Cousin and he will do us the favour to spend the day with us. I hope no such thing interrupted the Clown ; I want no such Company ; they are your fine Confidants and Counsellors ; I suppose you hope for the pleasure of his Friend Bouvery's Company, too, don't you ? She blush'd and sigh'd—You are very cruel, Mr. Appleby ; I think my conduct might, since I became your Wife, have entitled me to better

ter treatment.—Oh ! a charming Wife, to be sure, cry'd the Brute. A Wife ten thousand times too good for such a Wretch as you, exclaim'd Clara, thou odious, ill-bred Rustic. Madam, cry'd he, rising, and putting his arms a-kimbo, with a fierce air, Don't think I will tamely be insulted in my own house; don't think I will let you come here to set my Wife's head a-gadding again ; I shall prevent your plots and intrigues. Pamela ! my sweet suffering Pamela ! said she, taking her hand, go with me; leave that Monster and his detestable Associates ; all the world will justify you in so doing. She may go to the Devil, cry'd he, for any pleasure I take in her Company. Then let her go with me, hastily resumed Clara, and I will endeavour to think that you are not quite lost to every Feeling of Humanity. I wonder you are not ashamed to make such a proposal, interrupted the fiery-faced step-mother : What, spirit away a Wife from her Husband ! A Wife too, who ought to think herself so much obliged to her's for condescending to take her. Wretches ! Wretches ! exclaim'd Mrs. Craven passionately. Heaven grant me patience. O Pamela ! my lovely ill-fated Pamela ! I am half-distracted ! How shall I be able to leave you in the power of such Monsters ? — I can easily show you the way, said the 'Squire, with a malicious grin ; if you will favour me with your hand, I'll lead you to your Husband ; he waits for you.

We

We cannot have the Pleasure of your Company to Dinner, because my Mother and I are engaged to dine out : And as to your lovely Pamela, as you call her, she eats no Dinners, but lives on Love, Love for her Rake Bouvery. I know nothing else she has to fret for but his absence ; I am sure she wants for nothing ; and yet you see what a figure she has made of herself. What signifies her Beauty ; I would not give a fig for such a moping spiritless Creature ; she does not take the way to make me like her. You may go, said she, and tell Mr. Craven, that I will be with him in a few minutes. Not an instant would I stay under this gloomy roof, were it not for the sake of my Cousin ; but if she would take my advice, it would not be long ere we meet again. So saying, she embrac'd her. You have, my Lear, been witness to the treatment I have received ; for your sake I restrain my just resentment. Go, my kind, my only Friend, cry'd Pamela, weeping. Clara whisper'd something to her and hurried to her carriage. In less than half an hour I received a message from her. They were at an Inn in the neighbourhood. It was there I received from her her noble Present. She gave me a Letter for Pamela. — But I am interrupted

terrputed.—A dieu, my dear Mrs. Darnley, believe me, most sincerely

Yours,

C. PARKER



L E T T E R XXXV.

Mr. BOUVERY to Mr. CRAVEN.

SIR Charles has received a Letter from Beauchamp, in consequence of which, he is preparing to return to England. This favourite Friend of his has at last prevail'd on Emily Jervois to consent to his Wishes; she insists, however, on delaying their Marriage till Sir Charles returns to be present at the Ceremony. Beauchamp is impatient, Sir Charles obliging. They will set off in a few days; I shall accompany them; for which reason I will not trouble you with any questions, nor talk to you on that Subject ever nearest to my Heart, but, as you request, finish the Recital begun in my last.

I think I told you we were going to visit the fair Isabella. Lady Grandison had dress'd herself for the occasion with more than usual Care fearing, I suppose, to be eclipsed by the charming Stranger. Clementina had also, I thought, taken some little pains in disposing her Ornaments

ments to the best Advantage. As soon as we rose from Dinner, we went to her Apartment. We found the lovely Invalid reclined on a Sopha of white Sattin, dress'd in black ; the last mentioned Lady had furnish'd her with Apparel ; being much of her Size. I think the dress she wore, was that in which Clementina made her appearance on a melancholy occasion, when, followed by Camilla, she, during the disorder of her Senses, was introduced to Sir Charles ; it was inimitably becoming on the graceful Isabella . The contrast between black Velvet and white Sattin had a pretty effect, and display'd her form to great advantage. I never beheld a more striking figure, nor a finer Face ; Lady Grandison colour'd a little ; while Charlotte with infinite good humour, exclaim'd I am sure If I may judge by the looks of my amiable Patient, I may congratulate her on her perfect recovery ; why you are absolutely as beautiful as an Angel ! Isabella blush'd at this obliging compliment, and with an air of dignity rose to receive her noble Guests ; Sir Charles, with a gallant air replaced her on the Sopha, and we took our Seats. I shall omit the lively expressions of Gratitude with which her Heart overflowed, and also the civil Things that were said to her in return. You want to know her History ; I will therefore hasten to relate it, and, as near as I can, in her own Words.

My

My noble, generous Friends will, I hope, excuse my mentioning the name of my Family; 'tis not necessary to my melancholy Story. I was born in Spain; I lost my Parents before I was twelve years of age. My two Brothers, being much older than me, were left my Guardians; they had a rigid sense of Honour, and all that Jealousy in their Natures which is attributed to our Nation. Our Family was ancient and illustrious; my fortune large; from infancy I had been accustomed to confinement; I enjoyed still less liberty when put into the power of my Brothers. They chose for my Duenna a person of whom they had received the highest Character. She was the Widow of an Officer, and one of the most amiable Women in the World. I regarded her as a Mother and she loved me as tenderly as if I had been her Daughter; my Brothers reposed in her an unlimited Confidence; by her prudent conduct she was justly entitled to it. She had an only Son;—(here Isabella paus'd to wipe off a falling Tear;)—he was in the Army. I shall not attempt to describe the Graces of his mind and person. Except my Brothers, he was the only young Man I had ever been in company with; perhaps that might be one reason of his making so strong an impression on my youthful heart. You will no doubt, wonder that my Guardians should suffer

suffer me to see so tempting an Object ; but it was without their knowledge ; he came to bid his Mother adieu, before he joined his Regiment. She foresaw not the consequence of his Admission ; he was not admitted by stealth. She did not, indeed, suppose that she should be refused the liberty of embracing her Child, ere he set off on an Expedition, from which, perhaps, he might never return. Unfortunately for us both, from the first moment we beheld each other, we conceived a mutual Passion. Under various pretences he delay'd his Journey ; he paid us such frequent Visits, that his Mother at last began to be alarmed : My Brothers were much from home ; they had such confidence in Leonora, that no Spies were placed on our conduct, so that he had many opportunities of seeing me. He read in my eyes the secret which I hardly durst reveal even to myself. He at last ventured to declare his Love. My Youth and Inexperience will, I hope, plead some apology for my conduct. I listen'd with visible pleasure, and was not long ere I acknowledged a Passion lively as his own. We vow'd to live only for each other. My Governess, without suspecting how very far I had carried my imprudence, yet saw enough to excite her suspicions, and too late began to repent her Indiscretion. In hopes of repairing her error, she now told her

Son

Son he must desist from visiting her, at the same time strictly examining him in regard to his so long delaying to join his Regiment, for which indeed he had assigned very plausible pretences, but now her eyes were opened they would no longer pass. I was present, when, with an air of serious displeasure, she talk'd to him on the embarrassing subject. He look'd at me with Meaning ; I understood his expressive glances.—Let us no longer, cry'd I, ungratefully withhold our Confidence from the most worthy of Woman. — My dear, dear Governess, continued I, throwing my arms about her neck, I have ever regarded you as a Parent, and Fate I hope intends me for your daughter ; there (pointing to Leander, and hastily hiding my blushing face in her bosom) there is the Husband of my choice ; to him I have given my heart, and to no other will I give my hand. She utter'd an exclamation of grief and surprize, and for some moments remained motionless in her chair at last, bursting into tears,—Ah ! imprudent Isabella, cry'd she, what have you done ! but I only am to blame. Oh ! that the punishment may likewise be all my own ! I foresee the consequence, but I will act with integrity. Leander, continued she, you have ruined both yourself and me ; perhaps too, alas ! for ever destroy'd the Peace of her you have presumptuously dared to love. How ill have you repaid my

my tenderness !—He threw himself at her feet in speechless Grief.—Rise, cry'd she, in a determinate voice ; go, fly from the impending storm ; I will instantly go and resign my Charge to her Brothers ; I will reveal to them the fatal Secret ; Honour compels me to reveal it, that they may take proper measures to prevent the consequence ; 'tis all the reparation I can make for my unpardonable Indiscretion.—I now also threw myself at her feet, but she was deaf to our Prayers and Intreaties. At that moment someone tapp'd at the room door.—'Tis your Brother, said she, trembling ; fly, fly my Son, and let me not be witness to your death if you are found here. Oh ! stay not to expostulate, added she, taking hold of his arm, and leading him to a private passage. He went out. I threw myself, half fainting into a chair. My Brother (for it was he) immediately enter'd ; he saw confusion and terror in our looks. I cast a supplicating glance at my Governess, but she was fix'd in her cruel purpose ; indeed she had not time to deliberate. My Brother eagerly enquir'd the cause of our emotions ; she cast herself at his feet, while I, hardly knowing what I did, hastily hurry'd into my closet, and lock'd the door. I heard high words, but nothing distinctly. Overcome with the violence of my agitations I fell senseless on the floor. I know not how long I lay in that

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condition, but when I recovered, I found my head resting on the lap of an elderly woman, whose appearance was far from prepossessing me in her favour. I hastily ask'd for my late Governess.—She has received the reward of her faithful services, returned she, in an ironical accent; I am hir'd to supply her place.—You! cry'd I, looking at her with a kind of terror.—Oh, Heavens! and why not me? resumed she; though indeed I shall not, I fancy, acquit myself quite so much to your taste as your very commodious Leonora. I know better what is for your true interest, and shall take care to answer the expectations your Brothers have form'd of me.—I made no answer; I saw all the horrors of my Fate, and gave myself up to despair. For two days I heard nothing from my Brothers; that was a mercy; but, alas! neither was it possible for me now to hear from my amiable Lover, or his worthy Mother. No language can describe the painful situation of my mind; but how greatly was my misery augmented, when, the third morning, by break of day, I was hurry'd from my apartment, put into a post-chaise, accompanied by my new disagreeable Duenna, who drew up the blinds, so that I could neither see nor be seen. The Carriage drove at a furious rate; I knew it was in vain to ask any questions, so resigned myself to silent Grief. We stopp'd at an Inn. My

My Brothers appear'd with a stern air ; they ordered me to retire to a room the most retired in the house, to which they saw me safely conducted. They deign'd not to speak to me. Isabinda, the name of my new attendant, lock'd me in, and went to bring me some refreshment. You may believe I had but little inclination to partake of her repast. Next morning we again renew'd our journey ; a very long one it proved. My Brothers, as I afterwards found, had business of consequence to transact here, to which place they brought me, not daring, after my late adventure, to trust me in Spain during their absence. They hir'd a Country-House not above three miles from town, as they chose to keep me retired, at the same time that its vicinity to the city rendered it sufficiently convenient for them. All my motions were strictly watch'd ; once a day only I was suffer'd to walk in the garden, accompany'd by my Duenna, who never lost sight of me. I was seized with a deep melancholly ; I had now no sympathizing friend to whom I would communicate my grief. Isabinda's conversation was extremely disgusting. It seldom indeed spoke to her, but when compell'd to it by necessity. This reserve render'd her more disobliging than perhaps she might otherwise have been ; for she was exceedingly fond of talking. To make herself some amends for

the Silence I imposed on her, she used to chat to the Gardeners, who belonged to the Person from whom my brothers had hired the house : One was an old man, who seldom did any work only overlook'd the other, and was, indeed, but seldom there : His Assistant appeared a young man ; but as he wore a bandage over one of his eyes, most of his face was concealed ; he was also lame. My Governess was very inquisitive how he came by these accidents : I know not what account he gave, for he was not on object to excite my attention. One day, while she was talking to him, he turn'd to me ; his back was towards her : Would you not chuse a Nosegay, Madam ? (said he ;) here are some exceeding fine moss roses. His voice struck me : I look'd at him ; he put his finger on his lip. Oh ! Ladies, judge my joyful emotions ! Need I tell you that it was my faithful Leander, who had thus disguised himself, in order to gain admission to me ! Without waiting for an answer ; indeed, I had not power to speak ; he gathered the Flowers ; and, with a bow, put them into my trembling hand. I felt a paper wrapp'd over their stalks ; we soon after return'd to my chamber. Isabinda lay down to take her morning nap : I officiously drew the curtains, then hasten'd with impatience to examine the note my Lover had so artfully conveyed to me ; it was as follows :

“ HAS

"HAS the adorable Isabella forgot her
 "Leander? Ought any disguise to conceal
 "me from the penetrating eyes of Love? If
 "your Heart sympathized with mine? —Ah!
 "let me not suspect your constancy:—If you
 "suffer yourself to be re-conducted to Spain,
 "I shall never see you more: Your Brothers
 "have fix'd on a Husband for you. The match
 "is to take place immediately on your return.
 "And will you return, my Isabella? Have you
 "not plighted me your faith? In the sight of
 "Heaven you are already mine! My life is at
 "your disposal! Fulfil your vows, and let me
 "live to bless you. If you reject my suit, I
 "swear not to survive the loss of all I hold
 "dear on earth. With trembling impatience
 "I wait my doom. To-morrow I hope to
 "receive the favour of an answer; till then,
 "Oh! Isabella! 'tis not in the power of words
 "to describe my feelings, or to tell you how
 "much I am, Yours,
LEANDER."

Next morning I found an opportunity to
 slip into his hand a few lines, wrote with my
 pencil; for I was debarr'd the use of pen and
 ink.

"NEVER will your Isabella prove
 "false to her vows: Never will she give her
"hand

“hand to another; But neither dare she give
“you that Hand clandestinely. Have Patience;
“I never, after you fled from my tyrant Bro-
“thers, expected, or could hope to see you
“more; yet Heaven has indulged me with that
“unspeakable Felicity. Let this encourage us
“to place our confidence in that merciful
“Power, in whose Presence we plighted our
“mutual Faith. I will die sooner than be-
“come the Wife of any but my Leander.”

I shall tire you, continued the fair Historian.
Pardon me; I will endeavour to be less mi-
nute. For more than a week we kept up this
correspondence, my Lover exerting all his
eloquence to persuade me to consent to a pri-
vate Marriage. — Unfortunate Leander! ill-
fated Husband! said she, bursting into tears,
Why did I consent to thy Suit? (For a few
moments she cover'd her Face with her hand-
kerchief; then wiping her charming Eyes, re-
sumed her melancholy Tale.)—At length I fa-
tally yielded to his persuasions; he gave me
sleeping powders to administer to my Attend-
ant when she went to bed. I try'd their effect
once or twice ere I ventur'd to fix our unfortu-
nate Assignment. They succeeded to my wish;
she slept so sound, that all my endeavours
could not wake her. Alas! Why did I not seize
the first opportunity? Why repeat the experi-
ment? She always took warm whey when she
went

went to bed ; it was in these draughts that I had found means to mix my Drug. Whether the taste or the drowsiness had excited her suspicions, I know not ; but, ah ! too sure, she did suspect. The time, the place was appointed ; my Lover had procured a Priest, and two Witnesses in whom he could confide. A Summer-house, at the bottom of the garden, was fixed on for our Rendezvous. I had deposited my Jewels, and all that I had of value, in a small Casket, ready to take with me. Every thing was prepar'd for our flight after the sacred Ceremony. My artful Governess seem'd quite regardless of my motions. At night she prepared her usual dose, and plac'd it on a table in a corner of the room ; then affected to busy herself, in another part of it, in looking out her night-cloaths. I hastily flung in the Powder, with a trembling hand gave it one stir, and retired. She soon after went to the table, where, as I unfortunately imagined, she drank the important Draught, in which I had infus'd a greater quantity than usual, that I might the more effectually lull to rest my watchful Dragon. It soon, in appearance, began to operate -- Make haste to bed, Isabella, (cry'd she, yawning ;) I know not what is the matter with me of late, but I am become a perfect Dormouse. She hurried off her cloaths, and in a few mo-

ments after affected to snore. I waited some time, that she might be thoroughly compos'd; then call'd to her, and pull'd her by the arm; I even sprinkled cold water on her face, that I might, as I thought, be certain of her being fast asleep. After these experiments I took the keys from under her head, set my Casket ready, and with anxious impatience waited for the appointed hour. I started at every noise; never in my life did I experience such a dejection of spirits; my trembling Heart seem'd to forebode the fatal Adventure in which I was going to be engag'd. At last the clock struck Four; I rose, took a wax Taper in one hand, my little Treasure in the other, and stole down stairs, without meeting any obstruction. I reach'd the fatal Summer-house; my enraptur'd Lover receiv'd me in his arms. There was no time to be lost; the Priest instantly began the Ceremony, he even shorten'd it in some of the least essential parts, so justly fearful were we of being surpriz'd. I was, the whole time, more dead than alive. The honest Priest and his Friends took their leave the moment he had pronounc'd us Man and Wife; we were preparing to follow. I was just disengaging myself from my Husband's embrace, when suddenly the door was thrown open, and (Oh! terrible Recollection!) my Brothers rush'd in upon us like mad men, the wicked Isabinda with

with them. I shriek'd and threw myself between them and my Leander ; but regardless of his own safety, and only solicitous about me he gently put me aside, and stepp'd forwards, with undaunted courage, to meet his cruel Assassins. They, like brutal Savages, rush'd upon the dear defenceless Youth, and, plunging their swords in his breast, cry'd out, Thus do we, in part, wipe off the stain of our Dishonour ! They repeated their fatal strokes. He had just strength to turn to me, and, in a faint voice, falter'd out, " My Isabella ! my Wife !" and dropp'd at my feet, where he instantly expired. I clasp'd my hands in speechless agony, and, with an air of distraction, attempted to throw myself on the murderous weapons, which, reeking with blood, were just drawn from the mangled breast of my Lover ; but missing my aim, I fell on the lifeless Body, when, clasping it in my arms, I utter'd a piercing cry, and happily, for some time, lost the sense of my woes.——

The unfortunate Spaniard was so much affected while she related this horrid part of her Story, that the Ladies were oblig'd to hurry to her assistance. It was with great difficulty they could keep her from fainting ; no wonder ; for even some of her Male Auditors

were hardly in a better condition. The good natur'd Lord G—— wept like a child ; Sir Charles and I had a violent inclination to keep him in countenance ; Clementina had recourse to her salts, nor was Lady Grandison unmov'd. For some time the whole Circle indulg'd themselves in a mournful silence ; at last, after a violent passion of tears, or rather an hysteric fit, the charming Isabella found herself so much reliev'd, as to be able to resume her dreadful Tale.——

I found myself, resumed she, on my recovery, shut up in a dark apartment, and no one near me. Think what a situation, after being witness to such a scene of horror ! Inexpressible terror seiz'd me ; I thought I beheld the Ghost of my murder'd Husband ; my frightened Imagination represented a thousand terrifying forms. At that moment I would have given the world, even for the presence of the detestable Isabinda. I durst hardly breathe ; I threw myself on the floor, and hid my face with my hands. Oh ! what a night ! 'Tis astonishing to me that I retained my senses. Would I had not. Indeed I was more than half distracted. At length the door of my prison was opened ; a small-looking fellow held it a jar, and, placing on the ground some Bread and Water, said to me, in a voice that made me tremble, Prepare for Death, the Sentence is pass'd, you are under

der Condemnation ; take, then, the Food allotted for a Person in your situation. On pronouncing this Soul-harrowing Sentence, he again locked me in. By this time the faint dawn of daylight began to glimmer through the iron bars of my prison windows ; it served only to shew me the horrors of the place. I must have been long insensible, for they had had time to remove me to the old ruinous uninhabited house, where you, my generous Deliverers, where the humane Mr. Lowther found me. The attempt to describe what I suffered during a long long day, and part of a night, would be fruitless ; 'tis not in the power of Language. The light was some degree of consolation ; but when darkness began again to take place, Despair and Terror seized me ; I tore my Hair, and acted a thousand extravagancies : At length, quite exhausted with my emotions, I again threw myself on the floor, while Tears ran from Eyes in Streams. Again the creaking door turned on its rusty hinges. One of my Brothers enter'd ; a dagger in one hand, a dark lantern in the other. He approached me in silence ; I rais'd myself on my elbow ; Distraction was in my Looks ; my Hair hung about my Shoulders, my Cloaths were torn ; he absolutely started Nature for a moment compelled him to feel the force of Blood ; 'twas but for a moment ; he rais'd his arm to strike : Little cause as I had

to.

to value a wretched Existence, I yet shrunk from the fatal blow. At that instant my other Brother, a degree less savage, rush'd into the room, and wrench'd the dagger from his hand, which he threw from him. The Wretch merits Death, cry'd he; I consent that she shall die; but not by you: Wound not your Honour by such an act; we will find a proper way.— Oh, thou Disgrace of an ancient and illustrious family! added he, turning to me: Accursed be the day in which thou wert born; even thy polluted blood will hardly wash out the stain. May the remembrance of thee and thy shame be buried in the Grave; 'tis now all that is left thee to hope. Farewell for ever; be thankful that so much time is allowed thee to prepare for Eternity.— They went out together. In about two hours after, a tub and warm water was brought into my dungeon. A mourning Robe was also presented to me, with orders to put it on. I obeyed. This done they again lock'd me in, and left me to my agonizing reflections.

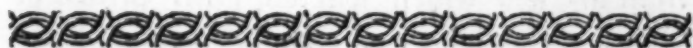
The rest you know, added she, weeping. To you, my noble Friends, I owe a wretched Life: That Life now, continued she, raising her streaming eyes, I dedicate to Heaven, for in a Convent will I end my melancholy days. Clementina embraced her: How commendable is your resolution, said she: Happy Asylum! for there the Weary are at rest, and there the Wicked cease from troubling. Fortunately
for

for you, my dear Isabella, continued she, casting a rather upbraiding glance at her father, you have no one to oppose your pious intention; may you there find that tranquillity which is so seldom experienced in this vain world.

Adieu, dear Craven, my fingers ach with writing. I never found myself in a more melancholy mood. Were I but a Catholic, I should be tempted to become her Father Confessor; but first I will see and obtain a pardon from my injured Love, and then farewell to all the vanities beneath the Sun.

Your's, &c.

HENRY BOUVERY.



L E T T E R XXXVI.

Miss PARKER to Mrs. CRAVEN.

NO, my dear Madam, nothing shall prevail on me to quit your unfortunate Friend. My promise is given; I ought to dedicate my life to your service. I will stay with her; I will endeavour to comfort the lovely mourner. Alas! I fear I shall not long enjoy the sadly pleasing office. The physicians think her in a very dangerous way. She is, they say, already far gone in a consumption. Her husband's treatment is insupportable. What I foresaw is come to pass. The low creature, for whom he
some

some time ago conceiv'd a passion, is now publicly acknowledged as his mistress. The awkward Dowdy is decked out in all the glare of ill-chosen finery; her worthless paramour has even presented to her some of her Lady's jewels. When the sweet Pamela was officiously informed of this, she said, with an engaging smile, They are much at her service, for never shall I have occasion to wear them. In this instance, at least, Mr. Appleby has failed in his design to mortify me. I have found, added she, lifting up her eyes, a jewel of much higher price, of more value than all the East can furnish; a jewel which cannot be taken from me, and which will adorn my Crown of Glory, throughout the countless ages of Eternity.

Ah! Madam, how I am agitated! Would you believe it? I have just received a letter from Mr. Bouvery. The very sight of his name made me shudder. Had I known from whom it came I certainly should have return'd it unopened by the bearer. I foresee new troubles for our Friend. Hear how he writes! Think what a request! Ah! he must not; how can he wish to see her, of whose misfortunes he has been the cause? Besides, the consequence of such an imprudent attempt! I have not yet informed our Pamela of the affair. I fear, as her spirits are so exceeding weak, it
will

will too much affect her. But I detain you from his Letter. It is as follows :

The L E T T E R.

‘ MADAM,

‘ The amiable character I have heard of you, and your friendship for the woman on earth most dear to me; the woman, whom, alas ! I have irreparably injured; gives me so high an opinion of your goodness, that I am persuaded you will pardon this liberty. I even flatter myself you will compassionate my sufferings, and plead my cause with your angel friend. Ah ! if she knew how sincerely I repent ? If she could form an idea of my feelings ? she would pity, she would pardon her wretched Bouvery. On my knees I entreat you to plead for me. I must see her once more : She is ill, they tell me, very ill. Oh ! hard fate if I should lose her. Alas ! she is already lost to me. One interview is all I ask ; that I may at her feet solicit her forgiveness ; that I may pour out my grief ; that I may ease my bursting heart. Fate has been cruel to us both. I meant not to injure her. I love her from my soul. I ever loved her with the most fervent passion. Had she been less precipitate—Fatal recollection ! Why did she suspect me ; yet how could she avoid it ? Rather why, wretch that I was, did I suspect her. ’Tis past ; and my remorse will end only with my life.—I am
once

once more return'd to Farmer Lewis's, in your neighbourhood ; but so effectually disguised, that even the people of the house have not the least suspicion that I am their former lodger. Fear not, I will act with the utmost circumspection ; but I again repeat it, I must, I positively will see my Pamela. Deign to assist me ; help me to contrive the means, dear and amiable Miss Parker. Oh ! that she would permit me to deliver her from the power of that brute, her husband. But I rave ; it must not be ; her fame is dearer to me than my own. I cannot, however, answer for myself, if I should meet him ; I should glory in sacrificing my life to revenge the injurious treatment she has received. Adieu, Madam, my messenger will return in the evening ; by him I shall expect the favour of an answer. Permit me to assure you that I am,

Your's,

With great esteem, &c.

HENRY BOUVERY.

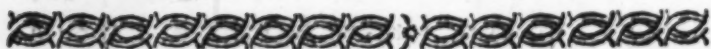
While I was transcribing the above, your friend accidentally entered my apartment. She was at my elbow before I perceived her—To whom is my amiable Kitty writing, said she with her usual pleasing smile. May I look, added she, stooping forward ; I guess it is to our Clara. That moment the name of Bouvery

very met her eye; she started: Good Heavens, what do I see!—You have, I fear, seen too much, cry'd I; and yet you must now see more, or you will entertain strange suspicions of me. Muster up your whole stock of spirits, then read that letter, and tell me what answer I must return. She took it with a trembling hand.—Oh, Bouvery! exclaimed she, after having perused it, with weeping eyes, Can you doubt my forgiveness? Long, long, have you been forgiven by your unfortunate Pamela. Yes, most amiable of men; time has obliterated the remembrance of thy errors. Fate had doom'd me to wretchedness; but though I pardon, Heaven forbid that I should again deviate from my duty. Oh! No! we never, never, must meet again. Tell him so, my Kitty; conjure him not to attempt it; he will ruin me if he does. All my motions are watched. And why, indeed, should he wish to see me? It would but add to my afflictions: Rather let me endeavour to forget him. I have well nigh wean'd my affections from this vain and transitory scene of things. Ah! then let him not lure me back. Let him not, by presenting to my view an object so dangerously lovely, oblige me to begin afresh a task which has cost me so many struggles; and which, I dare not yet flatter myself is fully accomplish'd. —A summons to dinner put an end to our conversation.

versation. In the afternoon I wrote as she directed. The messenger called. By this time Mr. Bouvery has received my answer: I hope it will produce the desired effect; and that he will desist from his imprudent purpose. I shall not be at ease while he stays in the country. I think, my dear Madam, you should advise Mr. Craven to write to him; he may be discovered in spite of his disguise; and if he should, the character of our friend will be irretrievably ruin'd.

I am, Your ever grateful

C. PARKER.



L E T T E R XXXVII.

'The Same to the Same.

AH! what a scene! the pen drops from my trembling hand. Mr. Craven's advice will come too late. The deed is done; the fatal deed! How shall I relate the cruel adventure? Unfortunate Bouvery! rash, ill-fated Man! But Pamela, the distracted Pamela! I know not which most deserves my compassion. Alas! my letter had no effect; he was determined to see her; he imagined himself sufficiently disguised. He had indeed taken great pains to effect this, but the arrival of a stranger in the country, though he hardly ever stirred from

from his apartment, caused enquiries. The Farmer talk'd of his lodger to his neighbours; Appleby heard of him; his suspicions were awaken'd; he set spies to watch his motions. He was seen for several nights strolling near our Park and Gardens. He mentioned this yesterday at dinner; Pamela turned pale as death; her emotions were but too visible, yet he did not seem to observe them. When we retired, she intreated me to write a note to Bouvery, and to conjure him, instantly on receipt of it, to quit the country, as she had reason to believe her husband had discover'd him. 'The difficulty was, to find a messenger to convey this to him. Who was there that we dare trust? I pitch'd on a country lad who work'd in the Garden. Unfortunate choice! I make no doubt but he was one of those very persons whom his master had employ'd as a spy. I know not, indeed, the particulars of the horrid affair; but, ah! the consequence! Too well do I know that. Mr. Appleby, who is now frequently absent for weeks together, with his vile mistress, had left word, when he went out, that he should not be at home till next day at soonest. I was to sleep with our Pamela, as I frequently did; we neither of us, however, found ourselves inclined to rest, but sat chatting by the bed-side; my cloaths were on, but your friend had taken off some of her's, when suddenly

denly the door opened, and, to our inexpressible terror and astonishment, Bouvery enter'd. He ran and threw himself at her feet.—Thus (cry'd he) let me thank my Pamela, and you, obliging Miss Parker. Oh! with what transports did I receive your welcome message! 'Tis enough, added he, (again turning to your agitated friend;) you once more permit me to see you; you pity me, then; you will pardon the wretched, the penitent Bouvery.—At that moment we heard several voices.—We are betray'd, exclaim'd Pamela, clasping her hands in an agony of grief! At length my cruel tyrant has effectually accomplish'd my destruction. Rise, Sir, continued she, and prepare to defend yourself. If possible, save your life; but, ah! remember he is my husband—The door was burst open while she spoke.—Appleby, who had cunningly laid this snare for her, rush'd in, followed by his servants. They were all armed with swords and pistols. Cowardly wretches! though they had but one foe to encounter.—There, cry'd he, be witness to my shame; see if I had not cause for my suspicions; bear witness, I find him in her room at midnight; secure the villain, added he, let him not escape.—Approach me at your peril, said Bouvery, in a resolute voice; I will sell my life dear. He held his drawn sword in his hand. The worthless

less, dastardly crew, intimidated at the fierceness of his air, stood like statues, not daring to advance; the detestable Appleby, as much terrified as his gang, in a trembling voice repeated his orders. Mr. Bouvery made towards the door. What, will you suffer him to escape! cry'd the other; and rage for a moment getting the better of his timidity, he made a pass at him with his sword. Bouvery dextrously parry'd the blow. Pamela screamed, and threw herself between them, calling out, Save him! Save my Husband!—Fire, Fire, cry'd that cowardly Husband; Will you tamely suffer your Master to be murder'd before your eyes! One of his associates, at this, presented his pistol. I believe he had no intention of discharging it; but, ah! 'twas dangerous to trust a trembling hand with such an instrument of destruction; it went off. The terrify'd Wretch no sooner heard it's report, than he threw himself back amongst his companions, exclaiming in agonies, Lord have mercy upon me, What have I done!—Ah! what indeed! The fatal Ball was lodg'd in the breast of the ill-fated Bouvery. He staggered a few paces, in order to reach Pamela, who, in a state of insensibility lay extended on the floor. With a faint voice he sigh'd forth her name, then sunk down by her side, and expir'd. At that instant she open'd her eyes.

Here

Here I stop ; my pen is unequal to the task ; the pains of Labour came upon her, though she wanted near six weeks of her time. She was put into bed. The body of her murder'd Lover remov'd ; the man secur'd ; Appleby gave bail for his appearance. The circumstances of this horrid affair will, it is thought, procure them a favourable sentence. The former, indeed, I pity ; but for the latter, happy would it be for society could justice free it from such a monster. Your unfortunate friend was deliver'd of a boy ere I could procure any assistance for her. I exerted my utmost endeavours to be of help. Oh ! how terrible were her sufferings ! and yet the patient angel hardly utter'd a single groan. As soon as the helpless Infant was born, I ran to the next village, and happily procured a person proper for the occasion ; a compassionate maid-servant also in the family, voluntarily offer'd her service, though by her good-nature she risk'd her inhuman Mistress's displeasure. Oh, my dear Madam ! could you believe there was such a monster in nature ! she had given orders that no one should enter her apartment, or afford her the least relief.—Let the strumpet die, said she, and her bastard too ; she has brought irreparable disgrace on her family ; my son is dishonour'd, nay, even his life is endanger'd by her infamous conduct. Oh ! a natural death

is too good for her I should think myself justify'd in tearing her to pieces with my own hands. Adieu, my dear madam; I hear the soft plaintive voice of our friend; I leave you to attend her.

Yours, &c.

C. PARKER.



LETTER XXXVIII.

Miss PARKER to Mrs. CRAVEN.

AT length the worthy the faithful Sally has again procured me materials for writing; 'tis a consolation which for near a fortnight I have been deny'd; nay, I was even threatened to be turn'd out of the house. You never knew such a furious scene as passed between me and Mrs. Appleby; I stay nevertheless; nay, I will part with my life before they shall force me to abandon my friend. As soon as I could make my escape from that fiend of a woman, I ran and bolted myself into the apartment of the dying Pamela. At present the attention of our enemies is wholly engrossed about the approaching trial; so that, except ordering the room to be searched, and all our papers, pens, ink, &c. to be seized, we have met with no further molestation. I do not long, however, hope to enjoy this cessation of hostilities. No one comes near us at present but Sally, and she visits

visits us by stealth: Were it not for her we should be absolutely starved. To her I shall trust this letter; it will, she says, be no easy matter to get it conveyed to the Post Office, as guards are placed at every avenue of the house; but as her good offices have not hitherto been discovered, we flatter ourselves that she will continue unsuspected of being in our interest.

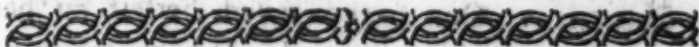
But I too long delay condoling with you on your late disappointment. I saw the whole affair from the window. I durst not hint what was going on to our afflicted friend. Oh! how I felt for you! How I admired your Spirit, and Mr. Craven's Behaviour on the occasion! He was right not to contend with such odds; 'twas impossible to enter our prison by force; to attempt such a thing might have been attended with very disagreeable consequences. I am glad, however, that you have taken up your residence in the neighbourhood, as I do not despair of contriving some method to procure you an interview with the dear unfortunate Pamela—Most earnestly does she wish to see you. Are you not surprized that she should so long survive the fatal adventure? You do not yet know what it is to be a Mother, or your wonder would cease. She doats on her lovely Boy; for his sake she supports her wretched existence; for his sake she dries up her tears: She even
endeavours

endeavours to forget her misfortunes, lest she should render herself incapable of furnishing him with nourishment. I am glad to seize so favourable an argument to prevail on her to take the food, which with some difficulty I procure. What would she not do to preserve the Life of her Child? For ever is he clasp'd to her maternal bosom. With what exquisite delight does she gaze on his innocent face! A smile from him seems to make her amends for all her sufferings. Yet, in spite of all her laudable endeavours to discharge the duty of a Mother, grief, the more violent for being repress'd, preys upon her health. She is worn to a shadow. Soon, very soon, or I am much mistaken, all her sorrows will be at an end. Death hovers round her bed, and continually menaces the fatal blow.—

Sally is come for my letter.—She has an opportunity of delivering it to you, as her mistress has ordered her on a message to the village. Adieu.

Yours in haste,

C. PARKER.



L E T T E R X X X I X .

The Same to the Same.

NOW the finishing stroke is put to our misfortunes; Death ere long will close the melancholy scene. Appleby, the inhuman;
 V O L II. G —I can

—I can find no name forcible enough to express my abhorrence ! —May the Vengeance of Heaven overtake him ! though he has escaped from the hands of Men. He is what the misjudging World calls honourably acquitted. Hardly had he received the undeserved acquittal, when, like a savage monster as he is, he hurry'd home to torment, to revenge his wrongs, as he said, on his hapless Wife, must I call her. Accurs'd be the hour when she became a Wife to him. Her sweet Infant was at her breast. In spite of her endeavours, her fast falling tears bedew'd his little face, while she gazed on him with all a mother's fondness. A sight like this might have moved a heart of stone ; but the monster she had to deal with has no heart, no bowels of compassion ; his most tender mercies are cruelties. I sat by her bed-side, sympathizing in her woes, yet trying to comfort the lovely mourner ; when open flew the door, and the horrid Appleby, followed by his mother and another ill-looking woman, made their appearance. Our friend raised herself on her elbow ; terror was painted in her countenance ; in a faint trembling voice she exclaim'd, Save me ! Save me ! —Seize the bastard, cry'd her infernal husband ; Go, tear him from her. The old beldam advanced ; the terrify'd, half-distracted Pamela, leap'd from the bed on the other side, with her precious charge clasp'd in her

her arms, crying out, ! Kill me! but, spare, Oh, spare my Child! She ran towards the window; I sprang from my seat, and flew to support her, for she totter'd under her burthen. Seize the brat, I tell you! repeated the monster. The tigress who had given him birth, now came up to the corner where we stood trembling. Pamela, leaning on my bosom, panting, ready to faint, yet still holding the dear Infant press'd to her beating heart; Keep off, thou Scandal to our Sex, cry'd I, putting myself between her and Mrs. Appleby. Keep off! I will defend this injured Innocent at the hazard of my life. You dare not murder me, added I, cowardly wretches, that you are! I know you dare not murder me; and while I have life I will prevent your cruel purpose. But let us go; let my friend and I quietly depart, and I will try not to curse you.—Secure that mad woman, interrupted the villain; bind her hands. He untied his garters for the purpose.—Stay, whisper'd Pamela, wildly; Don't you see those angels whom Heaven has sent to our aid? I'll give my child in charge to them, and then, you know, 'tis no matter; my Husband may kill me; we shall meet again in Heaven. My Boy will sit smiling on yonder cloud, (pointing towards the window) waiting for his mother.—Too attentive to the moving pratler, I was off my guard; the monster got behind me and ere

ere I was aware, seiz'd my arms. I struggled so violently, that both my wrists were put out of Joint ; thus rendered helpless, they easily made me their prisoner : In the mean time the two beldams rush'd upon the now really distracted Pamela, and tore from her feeble embrace the unfortunate Babe. The frantic mother rent the air with her Cries, and, running to the wall, dash'd her head against it with such force, that stunn'd with the blow, she fell back senseless on the floor.—Go ! said Appleby, take away the squalling Brat ; Nurse it ; you shall be paid for your trouble ; but never let me see it more. So saying, he left the room, and the two Women followed him, leaving my friend and me in the condition above described. No wonder she was deprived of her reason. I am astonished that I preserved mine. I threw myself by her on the floor, and endeavour'd to recover her, by bathing her pale face with my tears. While I was thus mournfully employed, the door again open'd, and Sally came in, accompanied by a Gentleman, who, by his dress, I judg'd to be a physician ; nor was I mistaken. The wretches fearing the consequence (to themselves) of their diabolical cruelties, thought it necessary to send for assistance. Sally and this worthy man, for such he proved, had just rais'd the to appearance lifeless Pamela, when Mrs. Appleby joined

joined them.—Are there any hopes? said the vile hypocrite. These milk fevers are dreadful things. She is quite delirious. You never beheld such a scene as we have had, on our taking the child from her; but it must have been the death of the poor little wretch, had we suffered him to continue any longer at her breast. We only took him away to put him to a proper nurse.—Believe her not, cry'd I, they have murder'd the mother; and, I doubt not but the same fate is intended for the child. The Gentleman was too busy in administering proper remedies to his patient, to give much attention to either of us. By forcing some cordial down her throat, he brought her to some degree of life. He plac'd her on the bed, and opened a vein. She heaved a deep sigh, and gazed wildly round for some moments, then again closed her eyes.—Let her be kept extremely quiet, said the Gentleman; I would have no body stay in the room, but one or two, who must watch by her in silence. Sally had unbound my arms.—Let Sally stay, then, cry'd Mrs. Appleby, and I will send another servant to assist her; but as for that Lady, pointing to me, her clamorous and noisy grief is the principal cause of your patient's delirium. I am sure she will never recover, while she is suffered to stay. The Doctor look'd at me: I am quite of a different opinion, said he; that Lady, I am well

well convinced, will rather forward than retard her Recovery ; but added he, in an accent that sufficiently explained his Sentiments ; with your presence, Madam, I believe we may dispense. Conscience-struck, she hurry'd out of the Room. I instantly threw myself at the Feet of this worthy Man.—Oh, Sir ! thank Heaven ! in you we have found a Friend. I fear, however, you come too late to save the Life of your inhumanly treated, amiable Patient ; but your Goodness, your kind Compassion and the Consolation that you may be the means of procuring her, will, I hope, sweeten her dying moments. Indeed, indeed, she has been barbarously used Sally's audible sobs seemed to confirm what I said. I must entreat one Favour more of you, Sir, added I ; they will not have the Face to refuse you, though they have been hitherto deaf to all the Calls of Humanity ; deaf to all our Intreaties. My dying Pamela has a Friend, a Relation, who earnestly wishes to be admitted to her. She has taken up her Lodging at a paltry Inn in the Neighbourhood, having been refused admittance. Plead for us, Sir.—Say no more, interrupted he ; give me but a Direction where the Lady is, and I will instantly fetch her.

Come, then, dear and generous Mrs. Craven ; follow the Bearer of this. Come, and once more embrace ; come, and bid à last adieu to the unfortunate Pamela.

I am, Yours, &c.

C. PARKER.

Miss PAMELA HOWARD. 127

L E T T E R XLI.

Miss PARKER to Mr. CRAVEN.

DO not be alarm'd, Sir ; your Lady is a little indisposed ; the worthy Doctor advises her to stay here all night. She intreats you not to come to this House of Mourning ; she fears you will not be able to command your temper. Inhuman Wretches as they are, let us leave their Punishment to Heaven. I am hardly able to hold my Pen, but my generous Benefactress charged me to relate some of the melancholy particulars of her moving interview with her now literally Angel Friend. Oh ! it is not in the power of Language !

We had just recovered her from a fainting Fit, when the worthy Doctor return'd with your Lady. I was seated behind her on the bed, supporting her in my arms. Mrs. Craven threw herself into a chair and burst into Tears ; the use of Speech was deny'd her. Pamela looked round ; her fine eyes sparkled with a lustre which was the effect of her Disorder. She put her hand to her forehead, Untie the bandage, cry'd she ; untie it, I say, 'tis too tight.—Then extending her arms, No matter, added she, with quickness, my Child shall kiss it and make it well ; Where are his blue eyes ? She drew back the curtain and scream'd, where

is

is he, where is he ! Oh, there ! I see him ! I see him now ! and she threw herself almost out of the bed. Clara knelt down by the side of it. My Pamela, said she, sobbing, will you not speak to your Friend ? She gaz'd wildly on her ; then pushing her away, cry'd out, Make room, I will find him — There he is — See his little Hands held out to me ; See his smiles, his innocent Smiles ! — My Love, my blessed Love, come to thy Mother ; come and let me hide thee in my Bosom. Hush ! added she, putting her Finger on her Lip, they will never search for him here : Quick, quick, my Kitty, cover us up, and she hid herself under the cloaths. None of us were able to speak ; our sobs almost choaked us, Pamela again started up. — Kitty ! Kitty ! (raising her voice) Help me ! Oh ! they tear him from me ! See, they murder him ! Save him ! Save him Kitty, will you suffer this ? He stretches out his Arms to me ! — Misery ! Misery ! added she, screaming ; My Life ! my Darling ! thy Mother cannot help thee ! Exhausted by the violence of her emotions, she again sunk into a Swoon. We all burst into an Exclamation of Grief, believing she had breathed her last. The Doctor intreated us to be composed. She is not dead, said he, but I will not flatter you ; it will be next to a miracle if she outlives this night. By the remedies he administred she recovered, and with a deep sigh open'd her eyes ;

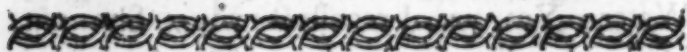
eyes; she cross'd her arms over her breast and in a soft plaintive voice sung a melancholy Air, stopping every now and then, crying, Hush, my sweet Babe, lie still and sleep; sleep in thy Mother's fond Bosom; then wake and smile upon her as a Reward for her Tenderness. Your Lady, still kneeling by the bedside, took her hand; Pamela, my beloved Pamela, will you not speak to your Clara?—Clara! repeated the sweet Echo, gazing on her.—Yes, my Angel, it is your Clara, said Mrs. Craven, weeping, Do you not know me? Oh, yes, cry'd she, with a sort of hectic laugh; I know you perfectly well; you christened my Boy, and made use of your Tears instead of Water; Yes, yes, I recollect you. She put her hand to her forehead, as if to shade her eyes from the light, that she might have a more perfect view of her; thus she continued some moments, looking earnestly in her face; at last, turning to me, Kitty, who is that? said she, in a low voice. Did you not tell me that her Husband had murdered her? Poor, poor Clara! added she, I thought it was her Ghost; you see how pale she looks! She scream'd, and hid her face on my shoulder. We could do nothing but weep. The Doctor indeed charged us to be silent, as talking would only increase her disorder. Again she raised her languid head. Clara, said she, in a plaintive voice, Bouvery is dead!

dead ! I killed him ! See, there he is, (continued she, looking towards the windows,) behind that Rainbow ! He beckons to me ; he holds my Baby in his arms ! See his sweet blue eyes ! I come ! I come ! Thy Mother hastens to embrace thee ! So saying, she sunk on her pillow, and with a deep sigh expired.

Here, dear Sir, permit me to close the scene. Faint has been my description. Her Looks ! her Voice ! her Air !—I am almost blind with weeping.—What I have wrote is hardly legible. Adieu, I beg leave to subscribe myself,

Yours, with the highest respect,

C. PARKER.



LETTER XLII.

Miss PARKER to Mrs. DARNLEY.

NO wonder you was deeply affected at my melancholy relation. Never do I expect to recover my spirits ; never, while memory holds her seat, shall I forget the fatal scene. She is at rest, peace be to her ashes ! I have seen her interr'd, Clara and I sat last night by moon-light, near two hours, on her humble Grave-stone, mournfully recollecting her various misfortunes, and moralizing on the vanities of this wretched world. There was something
sadly

sadly pleasing in our sorrow. We pull'd up a few weeds that grew on the green turf, and water'd the flowers with our tears. At last Clara rose, and with clasped hands stood some moments indulging her silent grief; then, with a deep sigh, cry'd, Farewell, farewell, my Pamela, sweet companion of my youth, farewell! I invoke thy gentle spirit to hear the solemn vow I make. In all the changes and chances of this transitory life, I swear never to abandon thy darling child. I adopt him as my own. Rest in peace; Clara will be a mother to him. —Amen! said I. May he live to reward your pious friendship! She took hold of my arm, and with melancholy and slow steps we return'd to the village. Mr. Craven had compell'd the detested Applebys to discover the place to which they had remov'd the lovely Infant. We found him, on our entrance, smiling, happily unconscious of his loss, in the arms of a careful nurse, who had been procured for him. He is the very image of our unfortunate friend: May his mind, as well as person, resemble her's, and may nothing of the brutal father, who inhumanly disclaims him, ever appear to remind us that he is his. I this morning took leave of my worthy, generous benefactors. Clara omitted no arguments to induce me to accompany them, but my resolution was fix'd; in retirement will I end my days

days. The amiable society, mention'd in my last, expect me to join them; their plan of life is perfectly suited to my taste; there will I fix; there do I hope to regain that tranquillity, to which, for so many months past, I have been a stranger.—And here, continued Mrs. Parker, (laying down the papers, and bowing to the other Ladies) I have indeed most happily found what I sought, nay, more felicity than I expected. Her friends in silence return'd her bow; none of them could speak, so deeply had they enter'd into the spirit of her moving tale.

That tale being concluded, the Editor begs leave to bid his Readers farewell. May none of them ever experience, either as maid, wife, or widow, any of the misfortunes which fell to the lot of PAMELA HOWARD!

The E N D.



